(continued from previous page)

The Historian

said. "But I have written of many great revolutions and for me it is very difficult."

The soldier with the young beard was hurt.

"Peace," Blue addressed the game cock wallowing in the dust, "to him who wishes peace."

He went on toward the saloon that was on the street past the docks and the fishing shacks and the racks where the hides dried in the sun and the game cock stopped wallowing and looked balefully one-eyed after him.

At the door of the saloon a patrol was coming out. The officer was a man with a very young beard and he stood carelessly almost in the middle of the doorway and looked at Blue. Not looking at the soldier at all Blue walked past very close to him and went into the saloon.

"When the beer *is* all gone" the officer said loudly "then perhaps he will write of the revolution."

"I have attended revolutions," Blue said, "that expired simultaneously with the beer. One must be careful."

The officer flushed and let his fingers touch the pistol thrust in his belt. Then he flushed and spoke sharply to the patrol and they went on. At the bar Allred drew two beers and put them on the bar sighing.

"I thought he was going to shoot you that time," Alfred said. "Sooner or later he will shoot you."

"You worry when the time is past for worrying," Blue said. "The time to worry was yesterday when they came. Or two days before when I came and the police were still here."

"All right. But you must be very careful and not get shot before you tell me about the climax of the fifth game of the World Series of 1957."

"I will be careful."

"You are certain that you were there at the critical moment," Alfred said. "I watched faithfully on the television set in Miami how Spahn dominated them and then weakened, and then how Mathews struck the ball in the 10th and Spahn came off the field like a boy. And then in the clubhouse when they asked the question of Mathews what manner of ball he struck—"

"I know," Blue said. "The television set blew up."

"But you were there? You know what Mathews said?"

"Yes," Blue said. "I was there while they poured beer over the head of Nippy Jones, whose shoes had been shined excessively, and on the shoeshine boy who had used too much polish, so that the polish showed a black smudge on the baseball that struck him on the foot."

"You were there," Alfred said. "I must be very careful of you."

"Maybe I will not tell you anyway," Blue said. "Maybe I will find out why the girl who sits far out on the rocks is mad, and why she is singing, and then I won't tell you about Mathews."

"At the very worst," Alfred said gently, "it could be an exchange. Is it not the barge of all human life upon this earth?"

"It is the foundation," Cameron Blue said. "But I already know that she sits out there, and that she is mad, and that she sings."

"Of course," Alfred said reasonably. "And I already know that the Braves demolished the Yankees, four games to three, in the World Series of 1957. But I do not know what Mathews said and you do not know why the girl is mad."

Blue did not say anything.

Alfred spread his hands on the bar. "You see, in three days we have come to the very essence of human relationship. Shall we have another beer and regard it?"

"Yes," Blue said. "The beer will never endure this revolution."

On the day that Cameron Blue arrived on the fishing boat whose captain was giving up tuna, the mad girl was sitting on the rocks far out at the end of the breakwater singing, and the people were standing around in small groups talking about her because they were not used to it as yet, and they did not realize that they were going to be called upon to decide about her one way or another. Only a few came down to the dock to see what the fish flag flying on the radio mast of the cruiser meant. It did not mean anything. Or perhaps it meant that the fishing was not much good these days and in the changing times there was more money to be made from a boat than by fishing, but all the captain's friends already knew this, and he seldom had a chance to state his views on the subject unless he flew the fish flag when he came into small unfamiliar harbors and the people hastened down to see the fish and found there were none and inquired in injured tones the reason for this deception.

Now only a few came down the dock and they were not very interested because on the rocks far out at the end of the breakwater there was the mad girl singing and they would have to decide about her, but they did not know that yet. The captain was disappointed.

"Perhaps," he said to Cameron Blue, "perhaps later I shall take my boat to Canada and content myself with muskellunge."

Blue put the typewriter and the suitcase on the dock.

"The boat is too small," he said "and you are too fat from so many years with the tuna. You must avoid the muskellunge as a peril."

"A fish that is scarcely five feet long in its old age?"

"Such a fish will demolish your boat," Blue said. "And swallow you alive in a single gulp."

The captain put the rum up on the dock beside the typewriter.

"The trouble with literary men is that they make strange jokes." He was puzzled.

"It is not in joke," Blue said solemnly. "You are acquainted with the tuna and with the sails, and with the marlin which are very brave, especially. But when you have hooked a muskellunge he comes to the top of the water and looks at you, and a strange red light comes to his eyes and he says to you, "Behold I have caught you. Man and I shall drag you down into the brown water among the rotting stumps and soften you in the mud and then I shall devour you" and then he cuts great circles in the water, and the red light flares in his eyes, and he opens his mouth and at last he comes for you."

The captain was sweating.

"You will never come closer," Blue said, "to being eaten alive at a single gulp."

"Well" the captain said "perhaps in Canada it would be better to start with the trout."

"Yes," Blue said. "Since you have such a small boat and it already has undergone much stress in the hurricanes."

Of the few men who had started down the dock to see the fish, only one made it to the boat. He looked into the cockpit, then looked at the flag, then looked scowling back into the empty boat where the outriggers were not even braced. The captain waited hopefully but the man did not say anything. He shrugged and walked back along the dock to where the other people stood in small groups listening to the mad girl singing.

The captain got out of the boat and picked up the rum. Blue followed him to the shore and up the wooden stairs and through the forest of net racks and the place where the boats lay on trestles for repairs and finally across the dusty street to the saloon. Inside it was cool and moist and a fan with four long blades turned slowly just below the ceiling. There was a television set on a shelf behind the bar, and just under the television set there was a framed picture of Warren Spahn and Blue looked at it for a long moment before he realized why it was strange. Spahn was wearing the uniform of the time when the Braves were in Boston.

A big grey man in a soiled grey tee shirt stood behind the bar, waiting for

(continued on page 67)

ANZAC MICHAEL ANGELO

by Charles Rayburn

Critics have dubbed him the Mad Sculptor from Down Under. But to most he'll be known as the creator of Australia's most controversial nudes!

I'm waltzing like Matilda toward a new destiny, exclaimed Lyall Randolph in a recent letter to a friend in the United States. Nineteen hundred and sixty three is likely to be a year this rugged former Australian sheepman will long remember. Sailor and yachtsman, short-story writer, ice skater, painter, inventor, sculptor, actor, master electrician and engineer, Lyall Randolph will take up yet another career.

Having at long last settled on sculpturing and now the most publicised modeling craftsman Down Under, this man of many moods has decided to tour the United States lending his patrician profile and marvelous speaking voice to entertain and enlighten Americans on his native land. His will be a national venture in adult education via the speaker's platform and via radio and television. Randolph feels that America is plump with potential audiences, people who take an interest in things, who together with a reckless hankering for entertainment, also want to learn.

Randolph became interested in America when he met a young New Yorker whose cruise ship touched at Sydney harbor last year. She told him of the wonders of the U.S., and in this 15 year-old he saw that indeed wonder

ful things did originate in America

Their meeting was fortuitous He had long been anxious to sculpture a typical American girl Linda was made to order And with a little of his old bushwacker's charm Linda wasn't hard to prevail upon Result? One of his best pieces in clay dubbed "American Beauty"

The whole Linda experience he said "was sort of a mystical adventure I must also do her on canvas among many brilliant colors" And then he continued turning to Linda who was present at the time, "But isn't the hewed full figure more interesting more inviting?" Linda hesitated then said thoughtfully If you think so, honey"

Known as the "Mad Sculptor" Randolph comes from pioneer stock of early Australia, perhaps even from the first settlers who dropped anchor in Botany Bay nearly two centuries ago He is pre-eminently an outdoor man and with Australia a harsh country enormous and rugged to the extreme he looks exactly fitted to the mold. In his travels through the unimaginable expanses of the subcontinent, across the rolling leagues of emptiness where nobody lives except the arcane aborigines and leaping kangaroos he is as much at home beside an open fire on the Outback as he is next to his own hearth and kin in Bondi, a Sydney suburb

ANZAC MICHAEL ANGELO

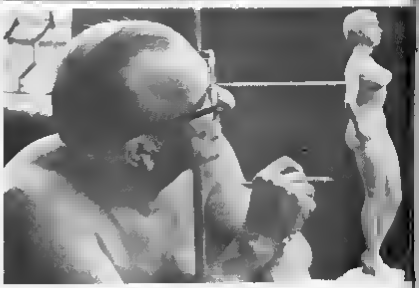
Randolph has made a sort of fictional character out of himself He is always beset with plots and perils and as he says shapely women After a long tramp on the beach or in the wilds he bathes his feet with gin At one time he owned a pet panther on another occasion he almost lost his life when he deliberately sailed a 15 foot sloop into the eye of a cyclone He studies native bird calls drinks only rainwater has dwelt with aborigines in the Outback invented a bed-pan of all things fell in love with identical twin sisters and insisted he must marry both

Two of Randolph's 'shapely ladies' created quite a furor last year when several Bondi residents objected to the nudity displayed by Randolph on a huge boulder situated on the ocean at the Ben Buckler headland They were his sculpted Mermaids two lovely long tressed maidens which he anchored in cement on a huge rock overlooking the beach at Bondi

Installed atop the boulder in May of 1960, soon the lovely ladies became the subject of much controversy and attracted thousands and thousands of sightseers Randolph became a celebrity overnight In the end his Mermaids remains and today they are a tourist attraction in much the same manner as the angle fish lady who watches over seafaring men from her harbor pedestal in Copenhagen.

But famous or obscure Lyall swears that so long as he has a piece of clay and a model as stacked and obliging as Linda he doesn't give a damn about anything else

Lyall Randolph — a beatnik who made the squares take notice and clap without even trying



"Yes, she's extremely bright. I taught her all I know!"

Article / By R. G. Kaiser

DINK STOVE

IN the Ivy League, girls are a real problem. Perhaps that comes as a surprise, but it shouldn't. The image of the Ivy Leaguer as a smooth, self-assured lady-killer may not be totally incorrect, but it ignores one important factor. We haven't got enough ladies to kill—not even enough to threaten, for that matter.

The seriousness of this problem varies for students in the different Ivy League Schools. For men at Yale, Princeton, and Dartmouth, there aren't even any pretenses to be made—there are *no* girls in these colleges, period. Harvard, Brown, Cornell and Columbia have a different problem. These are co-educational institutions. They have men, and those other things. Those other things are the "girls" who can qualify for admission to an Ivy League college, and they have a great deal of trouble qualifying as real women at the same time.

I am not suggesting that Ivy League students don't pursue the fairer sex, or that they don't enjoy that pursuit fully. As a junior at Yale, I would be foolhardy to make such a suggestion. My friends are of the opinion that any affront to their collective virility is cause for the sort of direct retaliation which I am not built to withstand.

We get dates; we even get married. But these things do not come easily. One does not walk over to a sorority house on a Friday evening to pick up one of the cheerleaders. (Picking up the cheerleaders at Yale has been frowned upon for *years*.) Indeed, in most Ivy League schools, one cannot find a date even by walking all the way across town. Solving the female problem involves determination and resolve, money and imagination. In sum, it involves Road Trips.

Road Trip: Where that term comes up, or how long it has been used, is a mystery. But "road trip" is the answer. It began, I imagine, when some well-heeled Old Blue decided that Saturday night in New Haven was a bit out of the question, and that the only way to remedy the matter was by hopping into the Stutz and whipping over to Poughkeepsie (i.e., Vassar College). If my calculations of the Stutz's top speed and pre-1920 road conditions in that part of the world are at all accurate, it was probably about a twenty-hour road trip—by modern standards, not out of the question, but a little extreme.

Whether it started in a Stutz or a Stanley—no matter. The institution now thrives as an integral part of the Ivy scene, ranking with Brooks Bros. and Bermuda in the spring. And

VER HITS THE ROAD

At times, it is better to make the long trip than not to have loved at all!

And like any institution, it contains the stuff of its own perpetuation. The freshman at Yale, for example, is given an obtuse introduction to the road trip during his first few weeks in New Haven, when several busses haul him and his friends off to Vassar—now about two hours away by bus. (Though this could hardly be termed the genuine article, the discovery that beer can be bought near the Vassar campus for the return to New Haven soon gives the affair a very authentic road-trip aura.) Assuming that Yale admissions office has done its job, and the new freshmen are indeed young men of taste and sophistication, this inocuous beginning becomes a watershed—nothing is the same afterwards. New converts have been won over to replace those who had graduated the previous June. Like Yale itself, the road trip is an indestructible institution.

There are definite patterns to today's road trips. Yale men seem to favor Smith, Vassar, Connecticut College, Bennett and Briarcliff Junior Colleges. The Dartmouths go heavy on Colby Junior College (a mere 40 minutes away), also Smith and a bit of Mt. Holyoke, and all of the Boston schools. Princetonians have a unique problem—only extra-curricular organizations are allowed to have cars on the campus, and qualifications for the rank of "extra-curricular organization" are difficult to meet. The sons of Nassau still manage to turn up around the circuit, however, most often in the southern area of what might be termed the Circle Pin Belt. (Such a description is means to have no connotation in regard to the relative purity of the girls at these schools. The circle pin has long since lost its symholistic meaning, and I would say that virginity in these places is definitely on the wane.) *(continued on page 20)*

photos by Peter Kevin

Between you and the pavement, there's a bright spot in your wardrobe!

FOOT FIRST IN FASHION

There was a time when changes in men's fashions were about as rare as the dodo bird and sure fire front page news. No longer. We have witnessed almost as many changes in the fashionable plumage of the stronger of the species as there is for the womenfolk.

With everything about a man from his hat to his shoes changing with the weather, TOPPER decided to check on what we believe no other men's magazine has done. What's in, foot fashionwise?

Socks!

With colors like a spectrum and patterns that would dazzle a snow flake maker, the modern sock is probably the least celebrated part of man's wardrobe. And that's a shame for the lowly (pun not intended) sock as we know it today is a marvel of soft foot-soothing comfort — and what's best of all, one doesn't even have to remember one's size any more! All this thanks to the stretch fabric miracle.

But foot fashions have a definite place. The over the calf is still very much in for suits thus allowing no bit of leg to show when a gentleman sits. Black or blacker browns and blacker blues are the only colors for these. In sporty fashions however there is no limit in either colors, patterns, weaves, or fabrics. In fact, what we consider the living end was a new terry cloth stretch sport sock. Sort of like getting your sweaty stompers all nicely dried even as you plod over the golf course, court, or gym floor.

So what else is new? Socks with holes other than the one where you place your foot are definitely out this season! So are bare feet!

TOPPER

NOVEMBER / [illegible] / 60c

A PSYCHOLOGIST LOOKS AT CAMPUS SEX / ELEPHANT RACING IN CALIFORNIA, OF COURSE / THE MAKING OF A SORORITY QUEEN / FOOTBALL SPECTATING / TOPPER THROWS A HALLOWEEN BASH / A DISSERTATION ON THE LOST ART OF BOTTOM PINCHING / PLUS FICTION, SATIRE, AND PLENTY OF THE MAIDS FAIR!

DINK STOVER HITS THE ROAD

(continued from page 17)

Brown students if they can't get a date with one of the half dozen or so attractive girls in each class at sister Pembroke College are wont to favor Connecticut College Whoaton and the Boston schools Harvard is a case apart as nal 1 once convinced a friend of mine there to wander as far as Wellesley (45 long minutes away) but wo ran out of gas enroute his watch stopped and he hasn t thought of me as a friend since I am sure The Harvard man seems willing to sip a beer at Cronins with the ughost Radcliffe girl (and that's going some) before venturing into the cold world of the road trip I always like to make note of the Harvard men who marry attractive womeu – nuo times out of ten, you will notice they met their wives well after graduating like the President for instance

The precise nature of various road trips also mnrors vast differences in both taste and goal Some trips are no more than visits to The Girl – someone whom you have been seeing very regularly and eveu (odious to admit) sometimes a fiancee People with a full four years of experience in this area must fight for status within the road trip community – thoy clearly have not earned a very high rank Such journeys are almost always sober affairs lacking vervo color or imagination (To give credit where it is due how-over the record for the Smith to-Yale drive – both usiug and uot using the exact change booth on the Wilbur Cross Parkway – is held by a "regular girl" road-tripper That record (1 07 flat exact change 1 08 5 not exact chango) is a formidable one considering that if the trip is made obeying all speed limits, it cannot bo deno in less than two hours It should be pointed out also that the Wilbur Cross Parkway and other roads on the New Haven Northhampton route are no longer menaced by this young racer whose driving in the states of Massachussetts and Connecticut is now done on a strictly illegal basis

But travelling for a glimpse of onos lady love is not nnusual Today's social pressures call for more If we don't have such a love we constantly must be searching for one It is this search that provides the stimulus for what can legitimately be called a road trip It is here that one savors both the pleasure of some young lady's company *and* the inherent excitement of the road trip itself This, in fact, is the freshman's most difficult lesson One cannot set out on the road with the sole intention of pitching a little woo – the odds are simply too strongly set against such a ploy. Indeed, those who do set out with such intentions probably fail to fulfill them at rates significantly higher than an imaginative road tripper's.

Every newcomer to the sport it seems must learn this tho hard way Year after year one hears of the rookie who sets out to conquor some lass's reluctance and as a result is only reluctant to try a trip again The answer to this problem is a simple ouo A first failure must be regarded like one's first tackle football game The lessons learned far outweigh the fun of it In this case the open minded freshman will come to realize two important things

For one he will understaud the importance of spontaneity Planning more than an hour in advance of any trip is generally very dangerous and many of the best trips revolve around no planning at all That is three of four people find themselves in a car and decide to make a go of it Calling ahead for dates sometimes can be profitable but if one waits until the last moment – as of course he should – whomever he might call is probably busy already anyhow (That is not to say that all the attractivo girls are busy on a given evening. The libraries of all the girls schools are always filled with acceptable material The thing is you never know who is and who isn t busy and tho wise theory that AT&T is rich enough already can be utilized in this situation very nicely)

Hopping one bus and hitchhiking brought them back to New Haven at uoon the following day Truly an epic road trip

Tho bringing home of trophies is also regarded widely as an "epic move though it has become so popular at Yale in recent years that it has almost entered the realm of the normal Ouo particular trip has afforded itself ox tremely well to this pursuit – that to Bnarchiff Junior College in Bnarchiff Mauor N Y Near the collogo there is a small park full of statues and other stone figures which appear almost irresistible to the quick fingered road tripper When the first group of students brought back a dozen of these objects several years ago tho feat was justly tormed epic and those involved duly rewarded

For another he will see the importance of alcohol

I would not presume to suggest a drastic shift away from temperance on the part of any young man but the fact remains that a sober road trip is an unsuccessful one, with almost no exception. Let's face it, five hours of driving for a four-hour date is, *ipso facto*, ridiculous.

Give yourself the opportunity to realize that it's ridiculous, and you won't have a bit of fun. But add a proper emphasis on alcoholic beverage and all is dandy. The "goin'" part of the trip is occupied with opening cans and bottles mixing and spilling liquid and looking for gas stations And "returning" disappears altogether in the world of uod (This can present a very obvious problem, one which is often solved by bringing along the guy up stairs who plays his hi-fi too loud all week and telling him when you're five miles toward Northhampton that he has lost the draw and must remain sober to drivo back)

These in fact are the two most important elements of a successful trip I hasten to add that one can have all the spontaneity in the world and three cases of Johnny Walker Black and still have a lousy road trip – a hazard of the profession (For my own part suggestions to the effect that a particular trip is a guaranteed success are taken *sum grano salis*) But without these two there is little chance of success

What I have been talking about in the preceding several paragraphs is what might be called the fundamentals Knowledge of them is the stepping stone to well-executed pleasurable trips But I have yet to mention the spectacular

There is of course a category for the spectacular often referred to as the "Epic Road Trip" Under this banner come the unique and memorable trips those which stretch one or more of the standard ingredients beyond traditional limits The line between epic and non epic is a difficult one to draw but the distinction is assuredly valid Let me explain by example

Some weeks ago three men of my acquaintance set out from Yale for Bennett Junior College in Millbrook N Y They took with them a heady supply of gin and orange juice As best ically very spontaneous guys I must say this trip had all the potential in the world As things turned out that was an underestimation Ten miles out side of New Haven the transmission oil in their car began to leak and they bough a case of the stuff to keep filling it up Stopping every twenty ounutes to add another can the three apparently sensed that this was more than the average road trip (little did they know) Another five miles and the car collapsed altogether Unfortunate but not serious

Leaving the car to be repaired they improvised three signs to hold up to

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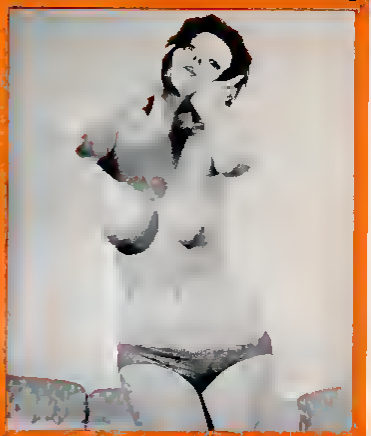
M-M-M-MONICA!



When a guy comes home after a long day at the office, what does he do? Why, he changes into his evening finery and prepares for a night on the town. And the bachelor girl, what does she do? Well, if it happens to be luscious Monica Strand, she slips out of something uncomfortable and wonders what to do with herself.

Monica, you see, is facing one of those rare evenings without a date. Comes the question, spend it alone for a change? Impossible. The phone is sure to ring, or someone will pop in unexpectedly, or *something* ... and then the gay whirlwind will start again full cycle. An evening alone? Out of the question.

COUNT 'EM, COUNT 'EM . . ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR COLORS . . . . . of glorious, intimate exposures of Monica Strand!

But some mysterious set of circumstances has already dictated Monica's fate for this evening. No phone calls. No doorbell. Nothing. Puzzled, Monica falls into a pensive mood. Maybe an evening alone would be good for a change . . . no solitude is a girl's worst enemy. Get out the little white book. Hmmmm . . . Bill. Jack. Eddie. Hal. Marty. George. *George*. Mental note: Wall Street, new T-Bird, Brooks Brothers, Park Avenue, last date, the theater, Sardi's, Toots Shor's.

"George? Hi. Monica. Yes, just sitting here. No. Oh, you are? You do? Oh. I see. Sure, George. Bye."

Well, that settles it. It's going to be a nice quiet evening at home. No use fighting it. After all, a girl can't expect to be busy *every* night. But it would have been nice. The last time George was over . . . oh, well.

But now the evening has slipped away and Monica sits in front of her window, reflecting on other nights. It's good that a girl has her memories to keep her company in such lonely times as these.

And then, to bed. Tomorrow is another *night!*

Frank R Gufay

Liquor may be quicker... but a beard is almost a guarantee

Perhaps you employ the subtle escapism practiced so adroitly by friend, Walter Mitty, and in the hidden recesses of your grey matter you become the dauntless man-of-action the supreme lover, a giant among men. But to the world at large you are what you are: the routine following, undistinguished, conforming look-alike, dull insipid you (ugh!). My friend I unveil for your consideration, a path to glory and distinction. Forego your hollow daydreams for the rewards of a beard.

There is magic in a beard, it is a talisman that transforms the personality. Your tiniest attributes focus sharply. Your self-awareness of grand stature is now evidenced by all who gaze admiringly at you. The smooth faced male betrays his envy with a sidelong glance; the children stare in awe, exchanging whispers; the soft and fragile female creatures whisper inwardly, "This is a for real MAN ummm!"

Being a smooth-face now, you may be alarmed and unwilling to face the initial obstacles to beardedness. I can only assure you that those obstacles are a small price to pay for the rewards you will certainly reap. However, let us consider those minor impediments to glory.

For the first few days your appearance will suffer and you will likely be categorized as a bum, by friends and strangers alike. Yet, on the bus, tram and subway your stubbled countenance will earn for you the comfort that comes of having room of being avoided physically. Moreover you will undoubtedly hold your head a little higher during the slow process of transformation, to show that you are really not a fugitive from the Bowery and thereby you are able to exercise your traits of courage and grace. It is of course conceivable that your uncomely appearance will promote in you a state of depression at that time; think how even the butterfly must endure his period of brutish ugliness.

This term of trial will reveal some truths upleasant but essential to psychic maturity. Certain friends will seek to shun you – and this is for the better. These individuals have revealed themselves to be the superficialists that you have no need of. Never take them back.

The crucial test concerns your wife or loved one (or both). Does she try to understand your searching out? If if thing have gone badly, isn't it her place to stand by you? Has she demonstrated a willingness to face the bad times together?

Perhaps it is best for you to find out now, before there are any more children. Of course, if it is merely the matter of a fiancee, then you are already gaining the benefits of your new life. How much worse it would have been to uncover disloyalty after that fateful day of union.

And your boss—will he raise a fuss? Some have been known to. Remember, you have rights. There are laws against discrimination, as we all full well know, and you may be able to force him to accept you; to abide by those laws if you're still willing to work for such a narrow minded company. Of course, it's all right for the bosses to have their moustaches.

Somehow those first ten days will pass. The crises will have resolved themselves to a large extent. The agonies of those early moments will have been endured.

It is now time to wipe the cobwebs from the razor. Insert a new blade, preferably the new super sharp stainless. Wait! Before a single stroke of the razor there is a decision to be made.

Will you keep a full beard? Perhaps you will want the sleek and elegant Van Dyke? Should you or shouldn't you eliminate the growth under the nose?

Objectively almost scholarly you must study your new image as reflected in a full length mirror. Forget the hairy growth if you can, concentrate your attention on the general configuration of the body, then on the shape of the face. These are important considerations in the final decision.

Obviously those round of face will find advantage in the elongated beard, those sparse of topside turf will be tempted to permit the thicker, fuller cheek warming sides. A small man would not want to appear top heavy.

There is another aspect needing to be considered. What is your own self image now? Would you want to remold it? Your beard can give you the feeling as well as the appearance of the rugged Yukon explorer and hunter. On the other hand, you may wish to assume the personality of the sophisticated intellectual. All of this calls for clever, even artistic scissors and razor manipulation. This however should cause no anxiety, for the required skills will come with patience and study.

Once the trim begins, the commitment is made and there is no going back. Thus, to avoid tragic error, the very serious of mind (and the most successful) will first employ the services of a fine portrait photographer (while still in the smooth face category), he will work from a dozen or so 8x10s, the more varied the poses the better. The photos must be done in a non glossy finish in order to best accommodate the quick-drying ink of the felt pen. This device will enable you to envision the many possibilities of beardedness. Further, to stimulate your imagination, it might be well to select for scrutiny the photos or drawings of other bearded beings as found in magazines and newspapers. Your reaction to them, incidentally, will give you an inkling of the way others will react to you.

Let us assume that the decisions have been made, that time has passed, that the trim has been correctly selected and that you are among the rarest of men, a man unashamedly wearing his personality on his face for the world to see, to envy, and to admire. There are pitfalls that would entrap you, that would desecrate your newborn self.

For your own protection the following rules must never be violated.

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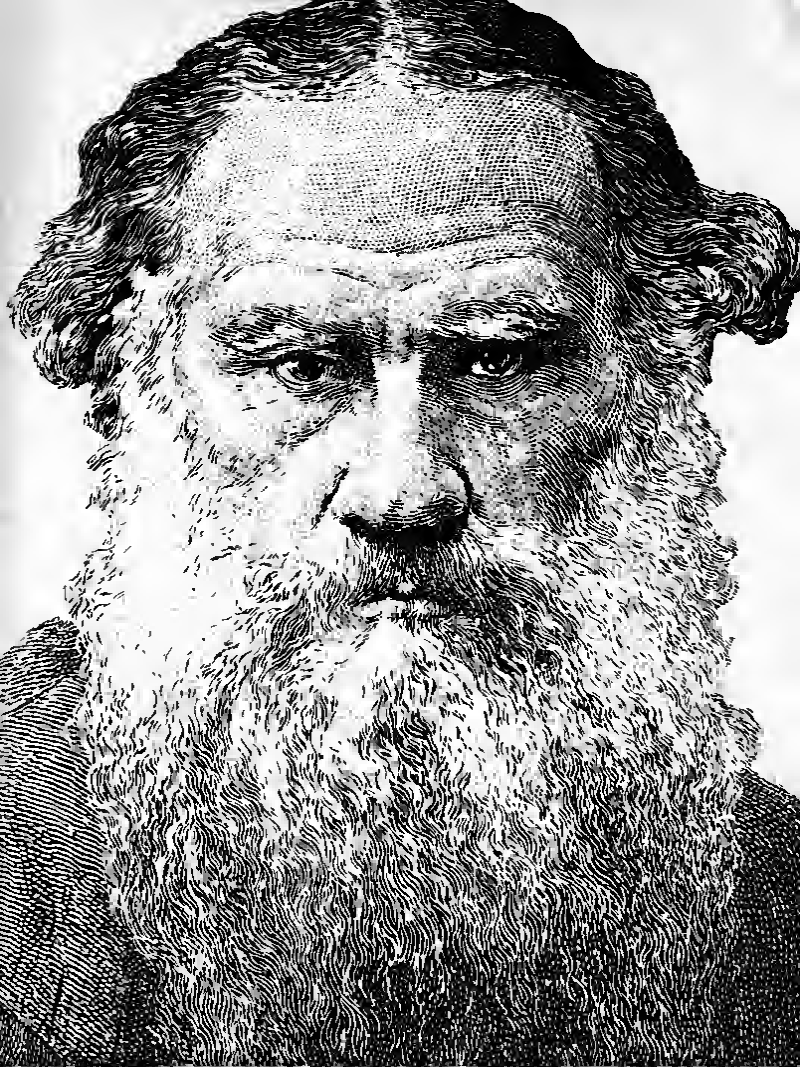
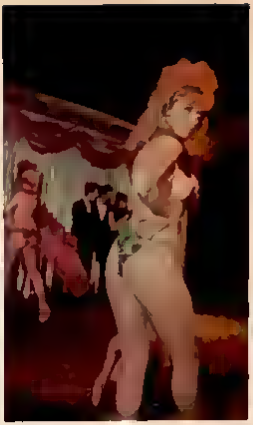
GET YE A BEARD





BUMP, GRIND, AND SWIVEL THEM HIPS! The girls at Minsky's newest Broadway runway, while costumed in lavish dishabille, still maintain the necessary ingredients for making the males in the audience pant, rave, and generally wish they had never married their wives!

MINSKY—BACK ON BROADWAY

The famed Burlesque Landmark has a New Look today—but bare bosoms remain basic.

story and text by Charles Rayburn

After more than a generation of playing the outlands, Minsky's which goes with burlesque like Scotch with soda is back on Broadway once more packing in the ogling throngs as of old

The new Minsky Follies is a far cry from the rudimentary bump and grind shows of 30 years ago But the essential ingredients, TOPPER is glad to report remain the same

Behind Minsky's overlong absence from the Great White Way, and behind its current triumphant return is a lengthy and lively history The story of the famous Minsky shows is almost the story of burlesque itself

Burlesque dates from the late 1890's In its early days burlesque which evolved from the bawdy music hall leatured comedy satire in the broad sense and by such truly funny men as Weber and Fields and Harrigan and Hart

In 1909 burlesque took to the road playing a theater circuit known as the Columbia Wheel The Wheel had theaters in many key cities in the East and Mid west and business in them was usually good

There were no bare bosoms – large or small – on parade in American burlesque until late in 1923 when the mammary form of entertainment was introdnced by the late Billy Minsky The strip tease was accidentally invented by a platinum blonde chorine named Hinda Wassan at the old Haymarket Theatre in Chicago Her involuntary display of flesh came about as she was tap-dancing Her costume came undone and dropped to the floor

There was a shriek of delight from the audience and that unintentional "bit of business" soon became part and parcel of burlesque The year was 1928 Soon after one Carrie Finnell she of the ample and educated bosoms took her cue from Hinda and started a new routine doing on purpose what Wassan had done by accident

As a singer Carrie wore low cut gowns and her huge bosoms cupped in a not-so tight brassiere She trained each bosom to jump up on cue first one then the other then both at once and occassionally by "accident" one would jump a bit too far and pop out for all to see This put the tease in stripping Bona fide exotic dancers hastened to put that bit of business into their routines and a whole new form of artistic expression was born

Along came others to take advantage of the new art, and they prospered beyond all imagination. Georgia Sothern became known as the "Fastest Girl in Burlesque." Margie Hart, who didn't care how fare she went for the boys in the front row, was called "The Poor Man's Garbo." Then came Gypsy Rose Lee, Ann Corio, Lois DeFee, Rose La Rose and a host of others — all peeling for pay.

Famous names who started their careers in burlesque include Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Bobby Clark, Bert Lahr, Fanny Brice, Sophie Tucker, Red Skelton Milton Berle, Phil Silvers Jackie Gleason Acknowledged in burlesque circles as the greatest natural comics are Mike Sachs Kags Raglnnd Charlie Kemper. Red Foxx Steve Mills

The Minsky name has been synonomous with burlesque for over 40 years The old Billy Minsky Burlesque Revue first appeared at the Republic Theater on 42nd Street in New York Current head of the Minsky Shows is Harold Minsky a nephew of the originator

Prodneer Harold Minsky spent a year or two licking his wonnds and then surprised the entertainment world when he opened an all new Minsky Follies on stage at the Dunes in Las Vegas The show replete with baggy-pants comedians and full bosomed showgirls nude from the waist up, was an instant success and The Dunes did tnrnaway business

Harold Minsky had long been urged to get back on Broadway Now aware of the sneeess of an off-Bnadway legitmate show called "Thus Was Burlesque" which featured a former Minsky star, Ann Corio, Harold finally decided the time was ripe

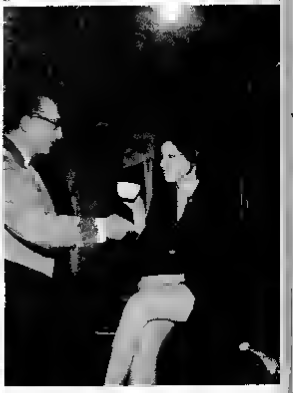
The new Minsky Follies however is qnite different lrom the old The girls are more beautiful more shapely more talented There are socko supporting acts excellent vocalists a fine dancing ballet, prodnetion numbers and lighting lull orchestra, musvic scores And of course in the old traditon, there are the strippers and the comics

But comedy routines are spruced up there are stage sets and gorgeons costnmes and the prodnetion is elaborately and carefully prepared The new show is comparable to a big Broadway musical and of ceurse is designed to run from one to two years in various locations instead of as back in the old days, a new show opening every week hurried and improvised

Harold Minsky regards the new Minsky Follies as the finest show that ever bore the Minsky label It is steeped in the old tradition but there's a change in flavor and style all of which comes about simply because improvements have been made in rodnction and the caliber of the performers designers musicians electricians — and even the G strings and the prodnets of the feather merchants

However nudes remain the basic *sine qua non* of the Minsky shows as always

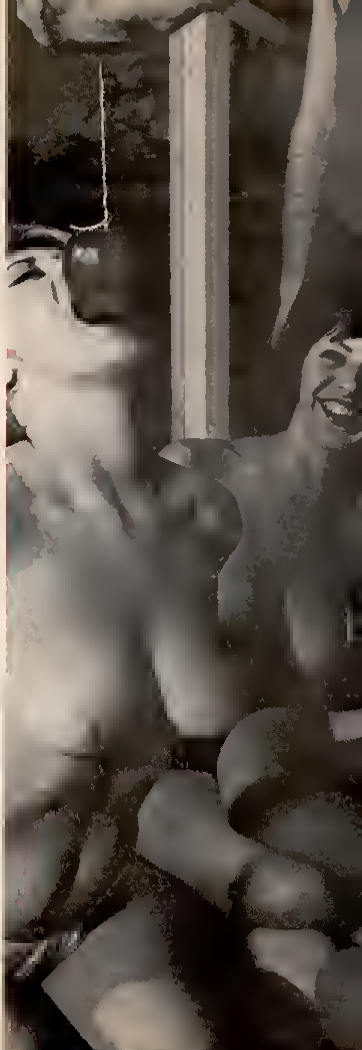
Cnrrent top salaried strip-tease stars are Blaze Starr Irma The Body Libby Jones Pepper Powell Tempest Storm



TOPPER THROWS A HALLOWEEN BASH!

ALL THE FUNNY-FACED CREW MADE MERRY, BUT THE NICEST WITCHES OF THEM ALL STOLE THE SHOW!

Quite a few years back, Halloween meant only one thing to the young gang. A wild, prepubescent Walpurgisnacht of waxing glass surfaces and performing the unwanted chore of garbage dispersal—usually all over some guy's front lawn.



JUST ISSUED!

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In perhaps the boldest, frankest autobiography ever put into print, international sex goddess Mamie Van Doren writes of her rise to stardom, her struggles and the men in her life. Intimate! Outspoken! Witty and sometimes poignant!

Mamie says "It has often puzzled me why, in this vertical world, men prefer me horizontal . . !"

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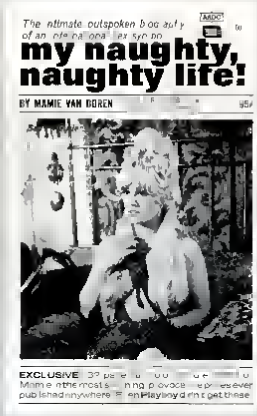

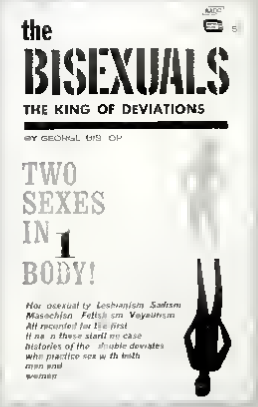

THE BISEXUALS
by George Bishop

A well-known authority on sexual abberrations reveals the bizarre world of double deviates actual case histories of men and women who seek physical pleasure both homosexually and heterosexually

Based on the painstaking research of the Western Adult Institute's Study On Sexual Incompatibility. *The Bisexuals* is written in non-technical language for the layman. 75c

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Well, we've grown up slightly. We've left the gates on every front lawn fence in town. And anyone suggesting that we sully the expanses of picture windows would rate a severe sneer from the collective TOPPER noses.

That kind of mischief may be behind us, but there was a distinctly unique way that we could celebrate All Saints' Eve (for that indeed is what Halloween is!) that would not only appeal to our own somewhat jaded tastes, but prove to be a delight to the readers.

A Halloween Ball!

And so with photographer Jim Sullivan and luscious models Gloria and Pam, plus sundry hip friends and a swinging pad, TOPPER brewed up this special Halloween bash.

Naturally, any party given by us starts out with enough decorum to

suit the ladies and society but then one or two or more often, all those rascal photographers artists and writers stir in a little Hecate ingredient and make a shambles of the best laid plans We had funny face masks.. several bottles of joy juice and of course a rapidly declining sense of propriety Along about the third apple dunking round someone (a writer) suggested that perhaps it might prove a little more interesting to dunk for the bras

In no time at all, or at least in just the few minutes it takes to unsnap the usually unsnapable Pam and Gloria were bra less From there quite naturally since our pair of nicest witches are more comfortable **au naturel,** the party became a bash rapidly disintegrating into a full fledged **orgy**

From the corner of our discerning editorial eye, we caught sight of a friend pouring the remaining orange juice over our Pam, which seemed a shame at first, until we noticed that the wench loved every minute of it. Reason? There was a Roman-style bath tub and shower on which she had her eye all night, and the orange dunking proved just enough excuse for her to indulge.

The rest?

Now we aren't saying things about anyone, and we won't name names, and we won't tell exactly what happened, but after the party was over and the dim light of dawn came filtering through the sky, somebody threw a pumpkin at us — filled with newt toes, spider legs, rat hairs, eye of owl, and . . . well, you know!

NATURE'S SWEETHEARTS

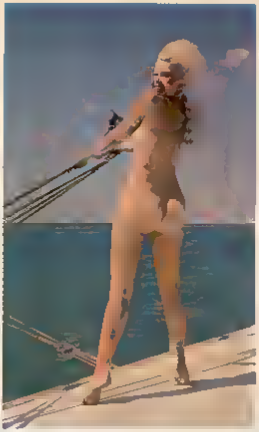
When boy meets girl in Cinema nudesville, it's love at first sight!

A nudie movie is no longer the shocking pink expanse of feminine flesh it once was While we haven't gotten around to venturing down to see a horror nudie as yet we did quite by accident come across what we would like to feel is the absolute ly end of all nudies *Nature's Sweet hearts*

With figure models traipsing around Florida plot would seem to a yacht and sundry other sights around Florida plat would seem to be the least important part of the sixty three minutes of "au natural color" on film It is John Ford won t lose any sleep over this one

Still NS does provide one worthy scene which we feel was well worth director Larry Wolk's effort a grand finale wedding scene complete with Wagner's March and white veiled, but stark naked bride! Nuff said!

The film stars Maria Stinger and forty nine other buxom cuties It was produced by Irving Klaw for *Ikay Beautiful Films, Inc*



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DAVID ZENTNER/*editor & publisher*
BOB SUZUKI/*art director*
LON VIER/*associate editor*
ANDREW STEVENSON/*contributing editor*

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FLORIDA WITH ANDREA

a wintery citizen's divine discontent

Just three minutes alone with Andrea Gilbert, a lass from sunny Florida, is enough to explode the old "beautiful-but-dumb" generalization. For this statuesque enchantress is as nimble top-story as she is everywhere else. About the encyclopedia of trivia most chicks keep stored in their head she knows virtually nothing. But

ask her about Nietsche, the Second Law of Thermodynamics, or the arrangement of your genes, and she comes on like gangbusters

Don't misunderstand She's not rusting away between the covers of a book night after night She can and does make the Modern Miss America scene with the best of them What sets her apart

from most chicks is that she believes a gal must be good in the idea department as well as look cool to stay out in front.

ELEPHANT RACING? NO JOKE IN CALIFORNIA!

Thundering down the Los Alamitos Race Track in Anaheim, Calif., the heavy sound of hoofs echoed in the grandstands as the spectators cheered ecstatically. But this crowd of 15,000 college students didn't cheer for any horses they bet on—but for their favorite elephants!

Unusual even for California, the Second Annual Intercollegiate Elephant Race drew eleven entries in three classes: varsity, junior varsity, and freshman. But "Modoc," the 5½-ton entry from Long Beach State College, was scratched before he even started.

Modoc last year turned the derby into a near riot when he jumped the track and nearly mowed down a line of bystanders on his way to the paddock.

This year there were only two casualties.

The first was elephant handler Ray Rodman, who led seven-ton 'Toughie' around the Los

THE DUMBOS CAME BY VOLKSWAGEN

Alamitos obstacle course. As they neared a tight bend, Rodman got his big toe too close to Toughie's big foot — and squash — there went his toe. Rodman was doubled up in pain, and as the crowd stood wondering what had happened, the trainer was carried off the field, tears streaming down his face. But he came back

Look, ma! No hands: the girl at left seems to be saying, as her competitor (top) smiles, then gets a dumbo laugh (above)

At the starting line (above), a trio of pachyderms gets last minute words from their trainers. Smiling bravely (right), a coed driver puts her hand into the beast's mouth to feed him. Without driver (below), a baby elephant hits it before the crowd

in the true elephant race spirit, a short time later with a heavily bandaged foot.

The other casualty was prettier, at least — namely Miss Bonnie Lynne Volk. Bonnie was the 20-year-old mahout for "Bimbo," the tiny 1½-ton entry from Sarah Lawrence College. Bonnie and Bimbo were wearing a matching pair of aqua stretch pants. Bimbo's pair survived nicely — but, alas, poor Bonnie!

Bonnie was riding on Bimbo's head when he suddenly lurched, and Bonnie found herself on the ground — with a pair of stretch pants split from stem to stern — and, alas, poor Bonnie without any underpants.

But, after all, it was an elephant race, and one should expect these things in California, anyway. It's all part of the tradition.

(continued from page 6)

attraction for it Some of the students feel that sex is too openly practiced in our culture Others feel that it is too secretive

Quite a number of the students we talked to feel uncertain about sex because it is not generally accepted "Too many people talk against it" a basketball player explained Another substantial group feels chimsy when it comes to sex behavior They don't know what to do The majority of students interviewed by us feel that there should be more practical knowledge about sex

The reason why sex education has lagged behind other education the young people we interviewed feel is that many adults regard sex behavior as immoral or sinful even when such behavior is no more than hugging or kissing or holding hands One of the girls we interviewed for instance believed that holding hands with a boy might lead to pregnancy

"The trouble with sex," a sociology major told us, "is that it is too restricted too regulated and too often forbidden We don't like to be pushed by adults We are no longer children but our parents and teachers continue to treat us as such As far as sex is concerned there is too much pushing and too many don'ts"

It is no wonder then that quite a number of the students think that the trouble with sex is people This feeling was especially expressed by the girls Perhaps because in view of our double standard girls are expected to behave more properly and more discreetly insofar as sex is concerned

Many of the students we listened to not only suggested that the trouble with sex is people but people of the opposite sex Thus the young man we interviewed blamed the women for the trouble they had with sex while many of the young women blamed the men Some of them even went so far as to name names

The more promiscuously inclined young men and women suggested that the trouble with sex is that sex behavior is supposed to be limited to only two persons at a time. While the more monogamously inclined suggested that the trouble with sex is that you are expected to have sex experiences with too many girls or with too many boys, as the case may be. Finally, there were those who said that the trouble with sex is that it too often leads to marriage, gunshot or otherwise.

But the biggest trouble of all with sex, students agree, is that sex is sex. "Sex is a tissue need, but you can't have it satisfied freely the way you do other tissue needs such as food or drink" a transfer student explained "Sex is nothing but trouble" a girl with long braids proclaimed "It is worse than anything" her curvaceous friend agreed "It is too wild" a third girl confessed

And what does all this mean? Probably that there is too much thwarting too much frustration and too much emotional tension where sex is concerned. Physiologically young people according to Kinsey are sexually mature at puberty Psychologically they are ready for sex soon after But sociologically they have to wait until they get married which on the average is not before their middle twenties

Ten years of inhibition and self denial is a long time especially when it concerns such a potent drive as sex No wonder then that many of the freshmen that we interviewed suggested that "Sex is too disturbing, too complicated and too difficult to handle" The girls in particular mindful of their greater risk liability where sex is concerned expressed the trouble that sex may bring in many disenjoyable ways "It is too expensive" they said "You have to watch it" "It catches you unawares" "It's dangerous" "It's like a two-edged sword. "It so easily gets out of hand"

Things would not be quite as bad our students volunteered if sex in spite of all its dangers would lead to love and happiness but this it frequently does not The girls point out that once they give in they are no longer respected "Sex is made cheap and run into the ground" a girl who feels that she has gone too far told us "You give and give and give and soon sex is no more meaningful"

There is no solution to all the troubles with sex There will always be trouble with sex as long as sex remains sex—unpredictable and cantankerous confusing overpowering upgrading and sometimes destroying But many of the troubles with sex our students agree can be lessened and overcome through education In the words of Evelyn Millis Duvall who has written extensively on this subject "If o best thing that we can do is to discuss the emotional and physical aspects of sex frankly and so learn what is best for each one of us"

BEARD

(continued from page 25)

RULE 1. *Never visit, be seen near or pass through the Bowery OR Greenwich Village.* Any association with these areas will indelibly scar your emerging soul; all of your efforts will then have been in vain . . . alas, you will be stereotyped!

RULE 2. *Never scratch your beard comb it or give evidence of any kind that you are aware of its existence* This type of behavior would put you in the category of the nouveau riche and would serve only to severely lower your now status Remember you and the beard are a natural part of each other Any action that would lead one to suspect that there is not a comfortable and pleasant relationship would weaken the image

RULE 3 *Never attempt to eat or drink any food that might become enmeshed in the beard* Imagine if you will the horror of trying to casually clean the yolk of a soft boiled egg out of your proud and masculine beard or hot fudge or bubble gum! Be patient. With time and practice you will become adept at eating all of the delicacies, but the skills must be developed in the sanctity of solitude behind closed doors

You will find the need to add to these three basic rules Those additions will stem from experience They may relate to lovemaking or other sports depending on your style and whim They will evolve to suit your special situations

Despite the new horizons, the gains and the glories a simpering and sirenlike sentimentality may arise from the magic magnetism of nostalgia and may actually tempt you to tread the road to reversion—back to the 'good old days'

Before taking any foolhardy action remember out of your own experience that time does certainly lend enhancement to days and events gone by The veteran of military service is known to romanticize inaccurately those wonderful days of yesteryear but he doesn't fool the veteran who has made a point of remembering honestly The girl you didn't marry has in the mind's deceitful eye become the beauty that reality previously had denied

Although this message was addressed to smoothfaces everywhere it is recognized that only a handful possess the noble characteristics that will enable them to accept the challenge

Refreshingly that otherwise monotonous protoplasmic soup will be punctuated handsomely by those males of courageous proportions—the bearded ones

"It's Great", say these sophisticated young Americans although IT is still their biggest problem!

SEX On Campus Today!

What's the trouble with sex? We asked a thousand college students, and they told us in no uncertain terms.

But before we get too deeply into the subject, let us quickly point out that many of the men and women we interviewed found no trouble with sex at all. These students were somewhat surprised and a little annoyed at our implication that sex is troublesome. "Sex is good," said a dimple-cheeked, little redhead. "It's A O K.," added a willowy blonde. "There's not a thing the matter with it," thundered a football player. "It's nice," agreed a tall, skinny, shy boy.

These were young people in our sample who have had a wholesome upbringing in connection with sex — whose parents have not been ashamed of sex, and so have had no cause to hide it or be secretive. For them, sex is something wonderful, something that can move the world, something that provides for intimate self-expression and exciting personal growth.

Lining up against these optimists, however, we found a much larger group, who, while they agree that sex

(continued on next page following)

Article / By Peter Van Petkov, Ph.D., Counseling Psychologist

turque
JEZEBEL
CIGARETTES
HELLAS
SPECIAL
THE "GREY
VIRGINIA CIGAR
LARGE SIZE
GITANES

CIGARETTES

photos and text by Jim Sullivan

Smokes that swing . . . and where to get them

Would you ever consider sticking a chocolate bar in your mouth and putting a match to it? Of course not!

But in effect that is what you are doing nearly every time you light an American cigarette. The "pure tobacco" taste you read about in the ads is as obsolete as high button shoes.

Once the secret of making good cigarettes was in the careful selection of tobaccos, proper aging and then the final rolling that produced a cigarette that tasted like a cigarette.

Today, without exception, American cigarette manufacturing plants are really little more than chemical laboratories. All sorts of flavoring agents are added to our American tobaccos to give you that "rich, smooth taste". Such elements as chocolate, licorice, glycerine, menthol and various other plant extracts are then mixed into the tobaccos before this conglomerate mess ultimately comes out in cigarette form.

DEL MUNDO

One manufacturer advertises on his package that his cigarettes are a blend of "Turkish and domestic tobaccos" —and certainly they are, but the percentage of Turkish in them is quite small. Most American cigarettes are mainly Burley tobacco, simply because it is the most absorbent and will soak up all the flavoring agents.

Years ago domestic manufacturers used imported tobaccos but the depression years forced them to use home grown varieties. Then the "taste craze" came on use and Burley became the only suitable tobacco for this use.

All of this brings us to our point—Americans are used to smoking cigarettes that only slightly resemble tobacco as far as taste is concerned. However, there are still a few of us who enjoy the taste you can get only from pure unadulterated tobacco. To satisfy the desire for a real cigarette, we must seek out those few stores who realize that there are some "real smokers" left in this country.

and purchase imported cigarettes.

The making of cigarettes in most foreign countries is still what we might call an "art" rather than a "science". The tobacco takes precedence over everything else that goes into the making of a smoke.

Foreign cigarettes are made from basically three types of tobacco. British manufacturers use mainly Virginia tobacco. Most European makers use the smaller leaved Turkish varieties, with the exception of the French tobacco companies who rely mainly on Algerian and Moroccan tobaccos from the colonies. Cigarettes from the Orient are often a combination of many of these tobaccos and a given brand of cigarettes may change from time to time in make-up.

With only a few kinds of tobacco and no additional flavoring agents it might seem that there would be a sameness to many imported cigarettes, but this is not true. The bouquet, flavor and aroma produced by burning tobacco is entirely dependent on the growing of that tobacco. Just as in the making of fine wine, where the selection of grapes is so important, so is the selection of tobacco important in cigarette making. Tobaccos of a given variety will vary with the climate and soil in which they are grown. Aging also has much to do with the resulting smoke from a tobacco.

Trying to advise one on the cigarette to smoke is like telling someone how much sugar to use in their coffee, but we can guide you to smoking pleasure. Cigarettes made from the Virginia tobaccos are the mildest when compared to other American types. However, even this difference is amazing. You will find your first lungs-full of tobacco smoke very invigorating. This is what smoking is all about you will find.

If you desire something with more flavor, may I suggest one of the European cigarettes made from Turkish. Here is a real smoke that will satisfy the most particular smoker. Full, rich flavor that lets you know you are smoking something other than a chemist's delight.

However, for the man who wants the epitome of smoking pleasure, only one answer—French cigarettes. These robust sticks are made from the choicest Algerian and Moroccan tobaccos. These tobaccos are grown in hot dry desert areas of the colonies which results in their overwhelming 'tobacco taste".

On the distaff side I think its worth mentioning the "perfumed" cigarettes that are so delightful to the ladies. While you will probably find them revolting yourself, they seem to have a Euphoric effect on the gals. No bachelor's pad should be without at least one pack to intrigue your next female visitor. The selection of a pack of perfumed cigarettes can be governed by your own likes in aromas. You will find rose, violet, gardenia, amber and many other varieties to choose from.

So get with it: no more smoking chocolate bars—down to the nearest tobacconist for some real smoking delight.

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SMATTERING OF EAGLES

A SECOND LOUEY HELPS A RETIRED NAG BECOME AIRBORNE

James D Houston

When Charlie Bates graduated from college he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the United States Air Force After a month's training in Texas he was sent to a Tactical Fighter Wing in England as a Public Relations Officer. He spent his first night in the BOQ and remarked that the blankets in England smelled the same as those in San Antonio. The next day he moved off-base and took a room at "The Fox and Hounds" in a nearby village.

He bought a bicycle from the pub-keeper, and on his third day of duty pedalled two miles to the base. It was the cheapest, most refreshing way he could think of to commute.

The Air Policeman at the main gate saluted sharply as Charlie sailed past, just as he was shifting into second gear to take a short hill that separated the gate from the rest of the station Charlie returned the salute, but had to use his shifting hand, the gears slipped; he lost his momentum, britfly lost his balance and nearly fell over. The hill's incline slowed him down. He lowered a foot to steady himself, and stopped. "You can stand at ease," Charlie told the guard.

"Shall I call the motor pool, sir?"

Charlie was aboard again and pedalling hard to take the hill "I'll make it," he said

But it was a tough hill. He hadn't ridden a bike in years. When he reached his office his thighs were so pumped up he thought his trousers would split

continued on next page

SMATTERING OF EAGLES

That night he traded his bicycle and ten pounds to a local farmer for an old horse. He was late for work the next day because the horse wouldn't gallop, wouldn't even trot. It took him forty-five minutes to go two miles. And even at that pace Charlie was sore from the ride, he hadn't ridden a horse in years either.

At the pub that night he told the farmer what happened, and found he'd bought a one-time sulky racer. The farmer grinned. 'An' e sulks if 'e ain't got a sulky behind 'im.' In his barn the farmer found an old sulky and sold it to Charlie for five pounds. The next morning as Charlie's horse cantered past the main gate the Air Policeman saluted him and Charlie doffed his slender whip, then flicked it gently across the horse's flank and the rig sped smoothly up the hill.

That was Charlie's answer. He could trot to work in ten minutes or so. It was comfortable. And he liked the crisp air on his face in the mornings. He rode to work that way for three days. On the third day the Wing Commander called Charlie into his office.

"Sit down, lieutenant, sit down."

"Thank you, sir."

"You're the new Public Relations Officer."

"Yes, sir."

"How d'you like your job?"

"It's fine so far, sir."

"Finding your way around all right, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I understand you're fond of horses."

"Not particularly, sir."

"Aren't you the fellow that drives that horse and buggy to work?"

"Sulky, sir."

"A sulky, is it?"

"Yes sir. Horse and buggy's quite a different thing."

"I see. This some hobby of yours is it?"

"No, sir."

"Well, why in the hell do you run around in a rig like that?"

"Is something wrong, sir?"

"Do you have anything against cars?"

"Cost too much to run, sir."

"You think it's cheaper to feed a horse?"

"I just turn it loose in Mr Potter's field."

"Who's Mr Potter?"

"The pub keeper."

"How do you get back and forth to the pub?"

"I live there."

"At the Fox and Hounds?"

"Yes, sir."

"Aren't there rooms at the BOQ?"

"I'm tired of blond furniture, sir."

"Look here, lieutenant, I'm trying to be civil with you. You've got to start making a little sense. What kind of public relations do you think you're cementing with the damn contraption? You're making a laughing stock of the whole base."

"People in the village think it's a grand idea, sir."

"They do eh. Well, I don't. Do you realize what an absurd spectacle you present—an officer of the United States Air Force riding around on a NATO air base in the goddam horse and buggy."

"Sulky, sir."

"SULKY!"

"It's as comfortable as any car I've ever ridden in."

"Well you'd better try another car, lieutenant, comfortable or not. I don't want to see or hear about that rig again. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just tell me one more thing, lieutenant."

"Yes, sir."

"What's the real reason you're running around in that rig?"

"Well, sir, it's hard to say. I kind of like the way it tilts back on the straightaway, I guess. And the whole shape of the thing. It's sort of sort of..."

"That will be all, Bates."

The next day Charlie took the morning off and rode to the nearest town, ten miles away. He traded his sulky and twenty-five pounds to a car dealer for a black 1936 hearse. It was badly rusted, and the glass panel on the driver's side had been shattered, but it ran well. He had some trouble driving out of town. The streets were medieval and narrow, and at several corners he had to back up to get around.

The car had no license plates. At the main gate the Air Policeman stopped Charlie and asked for identification. He couldn't see through the shattered glass. Charlie couldn't roll down the window because the handle was missing. He sat waiting.

"Roll down your window, mister," the guard growled.

Charlie tried the door, but it wouldn't open from the inside. He slid across the seat and climbed out the other side. When the guard saw his gold bars he backed away, snapped an embarrassed salute and muttered "Sorry, sir."

"A natural mistake," Charlie said. "Have you had that checked at the motor pool, sir?"

"Just bought it," Charlie said; "Think it needs a check-up?"

The airman was hesitant. "Might use a little fixing."

"Hmmmmm," Charlie said. "Well ... we'll see." He climbed back in. As he slammed the door the outside handle fell off. The guard ran around the car, picked it up, handed it through the window. "Curious," Charlie said.

He pulled the hill and drove to the Officer's Club. He slid out of the car just as the Wing Commander was walking across the parking lot. "Good afternoon, sir," Charlie said.

The colonel stopped. His eyes creased up, his nostrils widened as it he had smelled something disagreeable. "What in the hell have you got there, Bates?"

"My new car, sir."

"Why, that's—that's—that's a disgrace."

"Sir?"

"That's an insult to me and to the United States Air Force."

"Sir, I'm sorry if..."

"What is it—a hearse?"

"That's right, sir—an old hearse."

"How long do you think you can drive around this base in a hearse, lieutenant?"

"It runs well enough, sir."

"Why, it's not even fit for the road. Can you see out those windows?"

"Most of the time, sir."

"Now, see here, Bates. That horse and buggy of yours was..."

"Sulky, sir."

"SULKY DAM IT!" That was bad enough, but this is madness, and it's dangerous. I don't know what in the hell you think you're up to, but I'm giving you one more chance. You get something substantial that you can drive around this base or I'll have you... Just get that stinkin' hearse off my station. Do you understand, lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir." Charlie said as the colonel strode away.

Charlie took the next day off and drove to the outskirts of London where from a construction company he bought a second hand revolving cement mixer mounted on diesel truck. The huge mixing barrel was encrusted with old cement, the great tires were caked with mud, and the cab was gray covered with cement dust. But Charlie didn't mind. The cab was eight feet off the ground, and when he first climbed in he felt a surge of power just from gazing around the construction yard. They wouldn't take his hearse on a trade-in, so he abandoned it. It took him six hourse to drive the forty miles back to the base because he'd never

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BY JOVE, IT'S JUNE!

June Palmer is the most. June Palmer is almost beyond the power of description. June Palmer is to London what Jayne Mansfield is to Dallas, what branch water is to bourbon, what nitro-methane is to midget racers, or, very simply what a flesh-and-blood dream girl is to every man.

And that was just the first impression we had of this lissome young charmer from the merry old town of Big Ben and a circus called Picadilly. But just in case you think our enthusiasm was misted over by the famous London fog, forget it. Our champagne flight landed us in such scorchingly bright sunlight that we had to dig down and retrieve our favorite pair of Los Angeles sunglasses.

Levity aside, however, we were sent to London to do an interview with the most popular model in that swinging town. It took all of twenty minutes and as many phone calls to as many different photogs to determine that the gal's name was June Palmer—the vote was unanimous.

Another quick call which established our interest in her as a brand new men's mag in the United States gained us an immediate entry. With address in hand, we hacked (taxied to you, yank) over to her apartment.

"Hello, love," she smiled at us. Brightening to the greeting, we introduced ourselves. The greeting "love" was not quite what we imagined. It's a cliche kind of thing used by Londoners the same way we use honey or babe. *Drat!*

"I'm just dying to go to America," this June-oh-esque gal told us even before we sat down. "I've heard so much about the really swinging guys there."

She took our blank look as something to laugh at.

This maid in Merrie Olde England has the Crown Jewel spot as the isle's top model and she wants to come to America!

"You know," she smiled sweetly, "I was given to understand that every American correspondent who wants an interview with a foreign girl expects her to say something kooky like that. There, I've said it. But is it true?"

We made a hasty explanation of the facts of American night life, love life, courting life, and the typical (TOPPER!) life. She

seemed even more pleased than before.

"Actually," she said, "I'm not really contemplating any kind of permanent relationship while my career is on the up. But I would like to take a crack at the modeling bit in America."

We agreed that it would be the greatest loss to the woman-lovin' men of the world since Anthony snagged Cleo or Dick hooked Liz if she did not come to the land

of the New Frontier.

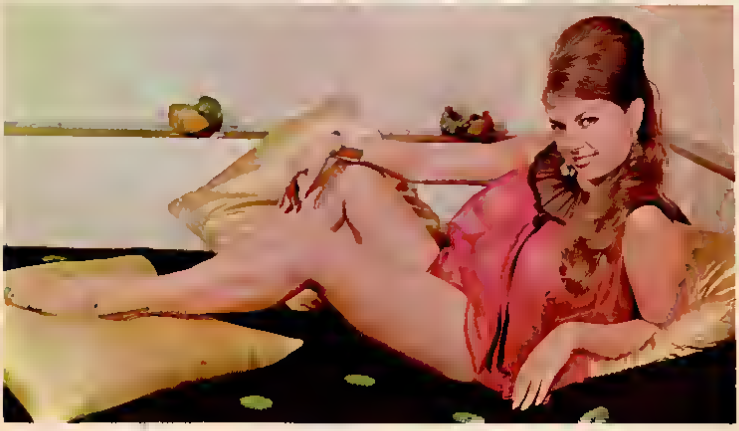
"To tell the truth, I've already made arrangements to come to Hollywood to do some modeling and take a few bit parts in some video series. Do you think they'll like me?"

To which question we expounded with all the glowing commentary of our friends at the Chamber of Commerce, the local key club and the (TOPPER) at our favorite bar, that she would indeed be well liked.

"That makes me very happy to hear" June said. "But how does one get to be known . . . you know . . . known to the *right* people?"

Easy, we explained, all the right people read (TOPPER).

She gave us a delighted expression and told us to proceed with the necessary poses for a proper introduction through the pages of the magazine. That's it—but we've still not recovered completely!



TOPPER

a short course in
the lost art of

BOTTOM PINCHING

By Kay Haugaard

Has bottom pinching become a lost art?

Or is it, at best, a dying form of masculine appreciation practiced by what few remain of the mischievous oldguard?

As a woman whose bottom has not been nipped in a goodlong while, I had philosophically accepted the fact that my posterior had lost its pinch appeal. (I do recall something very near a pinch at a cocktail party about a year ago. But in good conscience it could not be called an unqualified *pinch*.)

The possibility that bottom pinching as a mode of expression has fallen on hard times came to my attention one evening when my husband and I were dining out with his man-about-town younger brother.

The waitress seemed exceedingly disinterested in our efforts to attract her attention. Finally

I said to my debonair brother-in-law "Why don't you pinch her bottom as she goes by, and maybe we'll get some service?"

At this remark his face became suffused with an extremely pained expression. One would think I had suggested he tuck his napkin in his collar, or drink from his fingerbowl.

"*Nobody* pinches bottoms any more," he said with quiet emphasis.

I expressed amazement at this, but as I have the greatest respect for his opinion in these matters I asked, "Well, what do you do instead?"

He carefully explained that the pinch is old-fashioned (in the extreme) and has been updated into a simple, meaningful pat on the posterior.

This surprised and at the same time consoled me. Whereas formerly I had taken it on faith that somewhere, somehow bottoms were being pinched while mine was being neglected, I now took comfort in the fact that the frequent pat I received was equivalent in value to the old-fashioned pinch.

I have since pursued this question more completely, and have consulted waitresses, cocktail hostesses, secretaries and other women in fields where the incidence of bottom pinching would be likely to be highest.

I have now come to the conclusion that my brother-in-law is right. Except for a few unreconstructed old bottom pinchers (who immediately brand themselves as being as much outside the pale of sophisticated society as one who would wear a bib-sized tie with the Golden Gate bridge on it, or eat peas with his knife) no one actually *pinches* bottoms any more.

So let me mourn the passing of the Golden Age of Bottom Pinching with a tribute to a man of my little town who was a renowned practitioner of the art.

There was hardly a woman in the town who had not been accorded this flattering form of salutation. He practiced it not so much as an affectionate prelude as (if you'll pardon my saying so) as an end in itself.

It was just as apt to transpire in the cold light of day outside the post office, or in front of the meat counter of the general store, as in the dim light of a cocktail party.

The pinch, to be delivered with proper élan, was always accompanied by a roguish leer. It is doubtful if any woman so favored was displeased, though some felt obliged to feign disapproval.

But alas! Bottom pinching, with many other of the finer things of life, has gone the way of the diamond stickpin, the waxed moustache and the more ornate forms of chivalry between the sexes.

Women of the world can only sigh with nostalgia.

"...and this one has very low mileage—never on Sunday!"

The Historian

(continued from page 10)

them without expression.

"Alfred" the captain said to the bartender. "I bring you a guest who has come to write about the revolution."

"He is an expert on revolutions," the captain said. "And on many other thing. Muskellunge... for instance. And baseball."

"Good," the bartender said, warming a little. "I have had enough revolutions. But we can talk about baseball."

"Equally," Blue said.

"When we are better acquainted," the bartender said, "there is a question I should like to ask. Provided that you recall the fifth game of the 1957 World Series."

"Yes," Blue said. "I recall it very well."

"Do I not," he said more strongly, remembering. That was a good Series, especially the part in Milwaukee. The Yankees pushing the mayor's man off their bus before he could read his welcoming speech and the jeers of Bushers and how the Yankees came to wince at the sound and recollection of it because the signs bloomed everywhere along the miles of streets and the Yankees wound up staying thirty miles away for safety's sake.

In the press box, Considine red faced and polite trying to evict a drifter from his seat, and the drifter thinking Considine was a phony because he did not show up in time, but the day before Considine was in Rome, alone in a room in holy silence with the dead Pope, just the Pope and the Archangel Gabriel and Considine alone in the room, and a day later someone else had his seat at the World Series. Or perhaps that was the 1958 Series. It was harder to remember the years when the Popes died. And the firemen trying to get the man off the 130-foot light pole beyond Fenway Woods in left center field, the man from Brooklyn who hitchhiked all the way to Milwaukee and climbed the pole at night because what he wanted to do on the Yankees he wanted to do from a great height, but then daylight came and found him on the pole, and he was afraid.

And Spahn on the mound, a tired old man of 36 who did not believe anymore in the top of the 10th, that he would be an immortal youth at 40, and Eddie Mathews reaching out with a little flick of his bat. And afterward at the Schroeder, the New York writers complaining about the bacon wrapped around the kosher chicken livers, and Durocher telling about Dusty Rhodes' adventures in Tokyo the year he took the Giants to Japan. And after the good Series, going home again and finding no one at home waiting for him, no one at all, and that was that.

While he had been thinking, the captain and the bartender had been talking. Now they were drinking a toast and Blue picked up his beer glass hastily.

"Clemente, yes," the bartender said. "Pizarro. No."

From the rocks far out on the point Blue could faintly hear the mad girl singing. On the first day you could hear her very well, if faintly.

That was when the police patrol came in two men wearing impressive uniforms only a little bit too tight and hardly soiled. The captain of the boat which had brought Blue suddenly moved down the bar and began to sing very drunkenly.

The corporal looked at him in disgust, then said sharply to Blue: "I must require your credentials."

"I advise against it," the private said. "He is reported to be a literary man."

"Nevertheless," the corporal said. "The credentials. Forthwith."

Blue had not turned around. He was sitting with his elbows just off the bar and the bartender was standing opposite him. The bartender had both hands showing on the bar and was looking down at them very hard.

Blue said to the bartender: "It is clear that in the milk of the mothers of this province there is a notable sweetness."

"See," the private said proudly. "Did I not warn you he was a literary man."

"On the other hand," Blue said. The bartender's lip quivered.

"I am not from this province," the corporal said stiffly.

"He has stated a great truth, nonetheless," the private said. "I am from this province as is my brother the sergeant, and a great truth has been stated by this literary man whose books reportedly are in the palace itself in the library of our leader."

"Is this the case?" the corporal asked unhappily.

"Two of them," Blue said. "Inscribed to him personally."

"Very well," the corporal said. "But I should like to make a brief statement on the excellence of the next province."

"I do not challenge that," the private said. "I will leave all such matters of judgment to my brother the sergeant."

After they left, the bartender went down to the far end of the bar and busied himself with glasses. The captain of the fishing boat had left. The bartender was hurt and a little angry and possibly a little frightened.

Blue said, "It is all right."

The bartender was very distant.

"I do not wish to be involved in any more revolutions."

"With friends of the leader?"

"Or otherwise."

"I am not a friend of the leader," Blue said. "I am not a friend of anybody. I am a historian."

"Are you [illegible] written in a book for him?"

"Yes," Blue said. "And in other books for other leaders. And in the next book for still others."

"I see," Alfred said carefully. "And what do you write in these books?"

"In books and in dictators only the dates change, and some of the names."

"And you write the same things?"

"With very few changes. Some of them clearly do not have any mothers."

Alfred felt better. He came back and filled the beer glasses.

Blue said, "If you like, I can recite these messages I have inscribed to the great men."

The bartender belched comfortably and thought a moment.

"No," he said, "perhaps it is better if you do not tell me. When a man had had too many revolutions there are very few illusions left, and they are precious."

"Well then," Blue said. "Perhaps you would tell me something. Why does the girl sit out on the rocks singing?"

"Why not?" Alfred spread his hands eloquently. "Perhaps it is the most sensible thing to do, under the circumstances.

Now, three days later, you had to be very still and listen very hard, and even then only occasionally could you hear the faint sound of her singing.

"The people are very cruel," Blue said, listening to the poor mad distant sound.

"These people are not cruel," Alfred said. "They have suffered a great deal and they have not decided whether they are able to be cruel or not."

"They are able all right," Blue said. "In the beginning one man is cruel to another man and it is a tragic thing, but you can understand it if you try very hard. But in the end it is the people who are cruel, and there is no way to understand it because they never decide. They are just blindly and senselessly and unintentionally cruel."

I question that, Alfred said, scowling. I challenge that statement.

"Good," Blue said. "I will write a story about your experience in many revolutions and your ability to challenge obvious truths, and they will make you a captain and you will get a job shooting little children in the back of the head." *(continued on page 30)*

THE MAKING OF A SORORITY QUEEN

Sometimes it's hard to tell who's the maker and who's the made!

The electing of a campus queen has been called a fertility rite and a childish waste of college time It has been damned as being undemocratic, psychologically damaging (in that it encourages arresting adolescence), and outright immoral. Be that as it may, most students consider the choosing of the campus queen and the festivities that go with it a sacred college tradition and alumni remember the event with a fondness rivaled only by memories of a victorious football game or their first affair

But to the college girl the competition involves infinitely more than just fun and the storing of pleasant memories it may cost her her reputation, send her grades soaring down, alienate friends and even impair her health In spite of the perils to her virtue, health and social status most girls would gladly risk the odds for that one moment when a crown turns a "nobody" into *the* campus chick of the term

"It's a great huge game of chess," commented 'Alice in Through the Looking Glass "that's being played all over the world — if this *is* the world you know Oh what fun it is! How I wish I was one of them! I wouldn't mind being a Pawn, if only I might join, though, of course, I should like to be a Queen, best " And with each September and new term the great game begins again for thousands of Alices Marys Janes and Sues across the country.

On the campus for the first time, our freshman determined to become queen — a suitcase full of cashmeres in one hand a shiny new copy of Ashley Montagu's "The Natural Superiority of Women" in the other — clutches her stuffed Panda Bear to her pert breasts — rapaciously looks around at all the new term bustle and hustle and says under her sweet Listerine breath "What a ball this is going to be!"

As she mingles with the campus crowd, intuitively she picks out the sorority members How I wish I was one of them!") and nervously but happily realizes she is being appraised as a queen-prospect by a Four Letter Man and a sorority VIP.

If her hairdo is right, her clothes match the uniform of the season and her face and figure fit the campus image — her intelligence is neither too high nor too low but somewhere inoffensively in between — and she's not too pushy but willing to play sheep ("I wouldn't mind being a pawn, if only I might join"), she of course gets asked to join the sorority's inner sanctum, with a date to Saturday night's big Back-to-School Bash to boot!

When you get to the Eighth Square you'll be a Queen," said the Red Queen to Wonderland Alice And with the acceptance by PWC (People Who Count) our campus Alice had already advanced two squares and more If she is also fortunate enough to enlist the full support of her sorority and her datebook is filled with enough VIP's, the chances of Alice now being a definite candidate for the crown are smashing

But a fly in Alice's ointment appears one day

On a bright Sunday morning, her Sorority President barges into her room and, spying Ashley's book rusting away beneath panties and bra, wags her pretty tail and head disapprovingly and declares, "The day of the dumb blonde is over, sweetie If you want to be Queen you not only have to look the part you have to talk it' In other words the third square to queendom is achieving better than passing grades Reluctantly, Alice nods thanks the Pres with a broad Pepsodent smile (muttering "Shit!" under her breath), cancels the Saturday night date with pigskin a Big Daddy, and starts cramming like crazy for Monday's exams — which she passes, by the way with flying colors.

The approach of the Frosh Frolic represents the remaining squares Alice still has to straddle For at the Frolic a Frosh Queen will be elected and although there will be many other queenly thrones to covet during her tenure in college — the Homecoming Queen, the Snow Queen Valentine and May Queen — being nominated Frosh Queen augments her chances of winning other crowns

Anxiously, Alice reviews the progress she's made towards achieving her goal Thus far she's been elected Historian of Ki-Fi-Bi, averaged a B plus, is secretary of her Freshman class, has dated the Class President twice — made the scene with the Football Captain thrice — is Drama Club Treasurer as well as Student Representative on the Faculty Council She's doing pretty good And when she realizes that by now all the boys who count must certainly be familiar with her measurements — 36" 22" 34" — she knows her chances of winning the Frosh crown are damn good.

While Alice counts her qualifications the Frosh Frolic Queen Committee is busy doing the same thing By the time the Freshman class reaches the secret balloting stage, you can be sure Alice's every point has been examined by everybody concerned

"Faster! Faster!" the Red Queen beckoned, dragging Lewis Carroll's Alice through the air "Faster!"

"Are we nearly there?" Alice cried.

'Nearly there?" the Queen repeated. 'Why we passed it ten minutes ago! Faster!'

For two weeks preceding the Frolic, campus Alice will will run faster and faster, smile and smile till she thinks her cheeks will crack She'll wear a different cashmere sweater and skirt every day and she'll date a different VIP each night Her publicity team will arrange a college version of "public appearances" for Alice at the *right* coffee houses, the "in" dances and parties while never missing the opportunity to press an "Alice for Queen button on a student In short Alice and company are campaigning up a storm

When the big night finally does arrive, all the barnstorming, public relations and personal sacrifices Alice has made pays off with a bang Alice is crowned Frosh Queen and the school body twists the night away in celebration

If Alice's coronation for a term only serves to whet her appetite for more sovereignty there are, as we've already mentioned, many more queenly honors in the waiting But few chicks can keep up with the pace it takes to be

(continued from previous page)

is nice, pointed to the many kinds of frustrations that sex brings with it. They felt that the price that they have to pay for sex makes its value questionable.

One of the biggest prices that young people have to pay for sex apparently consists of the guilt feelings and the shame feelings that may come with sex. Too many people think of sex as something that is dirty. Anyone who comes in contact with sex therefore, also in turn becomes dirty. "The trouble with sex a sorority girl told us "is that people make it dirty." Sex degrades people," a fraternity pledge suggested. "Too many people think of it as bad," a girl working in the library ventured.

A considerable number of students, especially girls, believe that too much attention is devoted to sex. "Ever since Freud made sex the prime cause of all of man's actions it has dominated our conscious awareness," a psychology student told us.

"Everything is sex now a-days," he continued. "No matter where you turn the first thing you see is sex. It's on the billboards and in the movies. It's in our books and on our cereal boxes. It's everywhere. The other day my father brought home a little magazine that one of the men in the office gave him to read. It was a magazine published by a stock brokerage firm. The first page shows a sexy girl displaying jewelry. The last page shows a sexy girl sitting in a new plastic chair. A magazine devoted to stocks. It could just as easily have been a magazine devoted to plumbing, electricity, or hog feed for that matter."

The sentiments of sex expressed by our budding psychologist were echoed over and over again as we talked to other students. "Sex is overemphasized," they said. "We talk too much about it." "It is preached and propagandized." "It is commercialized and made too common."

"Sex, like any other commodity, follows the law of supply and demand," a student who wants to major in economics told us. "If you shoot sex from every billboard and every magazine cover, then sex becomes so abundant that its mystery soon palls and your demand for it lessens. When everybody talks sex and sex only, you get fed up with it."

Quite a number of the college girls interviewed by us not only feel that too much attention is paid to sex, but that it is too easy to get. "That's all the boys think of," a home economics student volunteered. "Because of the abundant supply of sex, its value and meaningfulness have decreased."

One of the nursing students we interviewed, put it this way. "The fellows you go out with today expect you to give in to them. If you don't, you're a prude or a cold fish and you have to stay home nights and watch television."

But not all of the college girls interviewed by us are of this mind. A number of the girls complained that at least in their lives there was not enough sex. And some of the girls said that they had none at all.

Many of the young men interviewed feel that there is not enough sex in their lives. In this respect, they differed markedly from the young women interviewed. The reason for this difference in the desire for sex frequency is in part physiological and in part psychological. Physiologically the time sequences of desire in the two sexes are different. Man's sex desires are staccatic. They come quickly, abate, and then return as quickly. A woman's sex desires on the other hand are cyclical. They take more time to mount to a crescendo and more time to abate — with the result that the need for sex in women is not quite as repeated as it is in men.

The psychological reason for the relative differences in the need for frequency of sex between men and women can be seen in the attitudes displayed toward the sex act. For men, sex is often a predatory experience. For women it is a submitting experience. Men feel themselves the doers in sex. Women feel done upon. A girl in sectarial science described this difference for us when she said that, "The moment we park the car in a drive in theatre, my date wants to get on my back. The boys feel that for them sex is self expression and so look forward to it. The girls on the other hand, too often feel that for them sex is a form of giving in, a form of self snppression and thus they don't like.

A few of the men interviewed claimed that there was too much sex in their lives. These men because of their good looks or because of their easy access to female companionship, felt that they were too often seduced by their dates. A handsome, dark Italian boy shrugged his shoulders and commented, "What can I do? The girls like to hang on me. I take a girl out to a show, and as soon as we sit down she pours herself all over me. I get fed up. I think there is too much sex."

Too much or too little sex? Quite a number of students we interviewed were not so much concerned with quantity of sex as with quality. The trouble with sex they suggested is, "That it is always taken wrong." Sex is too often misused," a senior working on the student paper told us. "It is used in distorted ways," an out-of-state student commented. "It is used wrongly. It is used loosely. It is used improperly. It is made fun of. It is taken for granted. It is warped. It is abused." These were the statements most commonly repeated. "It is not sex itself that is wrong," a student who plans to become a teacher suggested, "but the way we interpret it and the way we use it."

At this point in our survey, we decided to consult our friend, Webster, to learn from him how sex should be defined and how it should be used. Says Webster: Sex is "anything connected with sexual gratifications or the urge for these, especially the attraction of individuals of one sex for those of the other." The proper use of sex is implied in this definition. Sex seen as sexual gratification then, inevitably becomes behavior that attracts men and women to each other. Such behavior is not exclusively sensory or motor. It is social, intellectual, and esthetic as well.

In 1960 the German magazine *Review* ran a contest among its readers to determine what it is that attracts one sex to the other. More than ten thousand of the respondants suggested that looks and sexual love are by no means the only or the most important reasons why we are attracted to the opposite sex. The readers of *Review* came up with more than one hundred reasons. When these reasons are classified they reduce to three basic conditions that make for sex attraction. First we are attracted to members of the opposite sex because they are people. Second, we are attracted to members of the opposite sex because in many respects they are like us and so provide us with a reflection of ourselves. Third, we are attracted to members of the opposite sex because in many respects they are different from us and so provide us with opportunities for growth and fulfillment.

In this sense then, sex is a composite of habitual attention, reciprocal reflection and complementary enhancement, and if these behaviors are carried out under established customs and mores of our culture then sex has proper use.

The furtive way in which sex is taught in our culture has led to much ignorance and misunderstanding about sex. The need for enlightened education about sex is reflected in the statements made by the students we interviewed. Many of them feel that they don't know enough about sex with the result that sex becomes easily misunderstood. A few of the students suggested that young people know too much about sex too early, and so lose

(continued on page 42)

(continued from previous page)

crowned a queen more than once. "If you want to get somewhere else, you must run twice as fast as that!" says the Red Queen, and this exhortation is doubly meaningful for our Alice.

If getting nominated and elected Frosh Queen demanded hustling, legitimate and Machiavellian, winning again will require twice as much hustling -- this time with a decided accent on the Machiavellian kind. For now Alice has many more problems to cope with than when she first joined the running. For instance during her reign as Frosh Queen a fresh batch of flowers has sprung upon the campus, each one of which is just as hot to become a queen as Alice is fixed on remaining one.

Alice therefore will have to compensate for no longer being new to the campus eye with more demonstrable and tangible assets. Moreover because the football team and other sport cliques play so significant a role in any queen vote, poor Alice quickly discovers that the male VIPs now have more taxing and demanding standards of eligibility than just good grades personality and the promise of future bliss. The boys are no longer satisfied with just betting on a handsome-looking filly; they want to be jockey too. The truth of the matter is that many a campus queen has to play team-tart to become or remain a queen.

As a case in point we'll cite an incident that occurred at a prominent Mid-Western University, but which the writer of this article contends is far from being an uncommon happening on most campuses.

The incident involves an enterprising and determined Alice-type who had been elected Frosh Queen and was now very resolute on becoming the football team's Homecoming Queen; two stalwart players of said team had a party. Two weeks before the Homecoming Queen was to be crowned, our ex-Frosh Queen was rated the least likely to succeed. Then she attended a party where she struck the fancy of our bushy tailed young men, agreed to join them by herself for a couple of beers at the "Busy Bee", and later said "yes" (note without much resistance) to renewing the original party at the boys' dorm. The party ended at two thirty in the morning, and exactly two weeks later our herculean lass was crowned Homecoming Queen by an overwhelming majority. Like what else is new?

Paradoxically if an Alice decides to use more flagrantly erotic approaches to being enthroned, both she and her male backers must keep their contract sub rosa. Because if her powerful sorority sisters ever get wind of the scent of lust in her ascent to queendom they'd lower the boom on her but permanently. Alice therefore must be be as adept at walking a razor's edge as she is proficient in brainwashing her sorority sisters getting the grades and meeting the rigid standards of those voracious male VIP's.

Il then, after weighing the pros and cons of entering the cat race as Alice is still eager to climb the long sinuous hill to queendom our advice to her is to also realize that she'll probably be a much sought after landscape for climbing herself. In fact if she isn't willing to assume this role for the college kingpins her chances of reaching that erstwhile top are enormously reduced.

Well let the Red Queen make the parting remark to our campus Alice.

You can't be a queen you know till you've passed the proper examination and the sooner we begin it the better.

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Hi-Fidelity Records, of 311 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y., puts them out. Some current titles are pictured herewith. On the reverse side appears "Suggested titles, suitable for enclosure in this album cover." For example, *Songs for Swanging Mothers* has "The Things We Did Last Summer," "I Should Have Danced All Night," et al. *Music for Casual Affairs has* "Getting to Know You," "You Do Something To me," and so forth. We could suggest some titles of our own, but — well — anyway, Hi-Fi Records are sure to make a memorable party-stopping gift for anyone — particularly for a chick!

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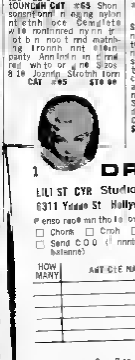

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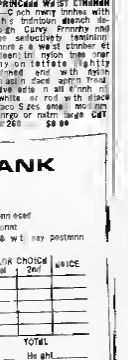

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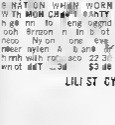

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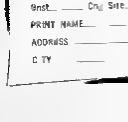

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DINK STOVER HITS THE ROAD

(continued from page 20)

passing cars hoping to hitch a ride the rest of the way. The signs read, in order "Going West" "Will Pay $5" and "Burma Shave." They were successful though they missed Bennett and ended up at Vassar (an easy trick). Bicycle races across the Vassar lawns (and through the Vassar hedges) followed capped by a trip to Dodo's (one of the more famous establishments which thrive on road trip business) and an attempt at the return trip to New Haven. This last failed, and they ended up at the summer home of one of the three half-way back to Yale, rather under the weather and completely broke.

Since then, however, the park has become open game. The novelty has disappeared, and the entire maneuver could hardly be considered outstanding. There are other kinds of trophies.

I remember once being a party to the pilfering of a chair from a Boston nightclub – perhaps the most courageous undertaking of what has otherwise been a quite cowardly life. And the lone Amherst student who rode with 40 Smith girls on a bus to Washington last Thanksgiving reportedly garnered a trophy or two himself – though he isn't talking about it much.

From what I have said it would be too easy to think that an epic road trip (or a non-epic one for that matter) necessarily involves such things as an equal number of men and women or any women at all. Indeed, neither is altogether necessary.

Last fall, for instance, my next-door neighbor returned to his room after depositing his week end date at a motel late Saturday night. Sleepily opening his door, he found another young lass of his acquaintance sound asleep in his bed with a young man, also of his acquaintance. On Sunday, after interested parties had left for other parts my neighbor and the lady who had shared his bed (without him) began to tour the fraternity parties. By suppertime, the two of them were up for a road trip, and they burst into my room to invite me along. So, the three of us headed off for New York, where we visited several fine jazz spots, an equally fine restaurant, Central Park at 2 A.M., the Statue Island Ferry for several trips back and across, and then up the Taconic State Parkway to Poughkeepsie, driving on two inches of packed snow, to get the lady in question back to Vassar for a 9:30 class.

As we said goodbye in the lobby of her dorm at 8:30 in the morning, my neighbor noticed the absolute plethora of young ladies gaping at the two of us and our still-dressed to the teeth friend.

"What's wrong," he said, "it's the week end!" It certainly was not the week end as we were to remember for the rest of that week but it was an awfully good crack for that time of the morning.

There are many other such trips, each unique in its conception and execution, which are generally given the "epic" nod for want of any other reliable measuring stick. Included in this group would be the week long ski trips taken in February as mid winter recipies or similarly oriented voyages to summer skies in the South.

Some of the absurd voyages to places like the University of Wisconsin (where The Gnu is) achieve an epic status, but I would contend that they seldom deserve it. These trips generally amount to no more than bouts with caffein or benzedrine and unless the girl is like a Rockefeller one can hardly justify the effort. (One of these which assuredly was epic involved a Brown man's journey several years ago to what he thought was the University of Indiana but which turned out to be the University of Iowa. If you think about it for a minute that probably isn't a very hard mistake to make. But it's still pretty damn funny.)

I am personally very attached to the whole road trip idea. There are praise to the skies, hundreds – nay, thousands – like I in that regard. But as both a devotee and a student of the institution I am afraid I am afraid of one potentially serious development which could conceivably tap the road trip of its essential substance and flavor. There is a disarming trend in the air toward road tripping for its own sake exclusively.

This trend was typified recently by a group of Dartmouth students who hopped in a car drove around for five or six hours and returned directly to Hanover – without stopping anywhere for more than a few minutes. Now that is a distortion of a great ideal. The road trip must be a means to an end, never an end in itself. Why if this sort of thing were to come to the attention of Ivy League officials – well, I can't say what the result might be. You know, they might even turn our schools into co-educational sanctuaries with home coming queens and all the rest. And wouldn't *that* be absurd?

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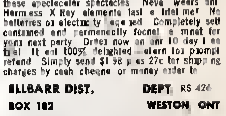

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FOOTBALL

(continued from page 7)

that any old goddam coat with pockets large enough to hold a supply of flasks and a thermos bottle will suffice. Making sure that you get a seat that will allow a full view of the game is another matter, however.

There are those who will insist along with all the other clichés of the land that the fifty-yard line is *de rigeur* for full appreciation of the game. Nuts! In the first place, anyone and everyone sitting on that mid-stripe only sees a pretty heavy movement of traffic back and forth. TOPPER's advice: grab a seat on the twenty-yard line.

Down there, near home as they say, the action really gets wingy. If it's the home team that's defending the place then you can be pretty damn sure that th boys of old *Alma Mutha* are going to bust themselves to prevent Snotnose U from scoring. On the other hand, if it's the home team that's pressing for a six pointer, then you're right there where the action happens. Those characters on the fifty-yard line never saw a close plunge over the middle as long as they've been sitting there.

While we're on this matter of position, we might just as well get rid of the notion that anyone sitting down at the same level as the play is performed is getting the inside picture. Football, like any kind of warfare, needs a little perspective.

This does not mean that you have to sit among the eagles, armed with 20-power binoculars. Actually the best seating in the house at the twenty-yard-line is closer to fifteen to twenty rows above the field. That's the same spot, incidentally, where a helluva lot of "spotters" sit, busy with phones to their coaches!

Now that we've got you properly seated, the discussion will return somewhat to the "other" things to do at a football game. About half-time of course, the flasks are getting pretty dry — while the old bladder is beginning to swell.

Unless you happen to be a shed-on-the-tuba Sousa fan, this is the ideal "intermission" for all those necessary functions. After all, if you've played the stellar role at the pre-game warm-up, you've seen a lot more of the coed cheerleaders than even their future husbands will see before the marriage night! What's to lose?

Furthermore, even if you really dig the sound of a big band, there's hardly a place within five miles of the stadium where you won't be able to hear it. Is that why earmuffs are such a big seller outside the gates?

The second half of any football game, we may as well warn you right now, can be either more boring or more exciting than the first half. Mostly it will depend on what kind of game you're watching. For example, armed with flask, blanket and available coed, you sit on the twenty-yard line, fifteen rows up from the field and watch Notre Dame play Podunk U. Well, you can count on seeing only half the action those times when the Irish are aiming for your side of the field. For the rest of such a game, you can relax, drink, and even get in a little necking under that big blanket you brought along.

Summarily then, the really "in" football spectator is fully equipped, fully imbued with the classical combative elements of the game, and perhaps just fully imbibed. After all, it gets awfully awfully cold up in those old stadiums without a little flask, a jug of hot coffee, a warm blanket — and the aforementioned coed. As a matter of fact, it's probably the good reason why the damned sport ever became so popular in the first place.

What they do in sunny California or in those stadiums where the Magnolias grow is something else again. Who ever heard of drinking mint juleps at half time?

"Why don't we slip into something more comfortable?"

SMATTERING OF EAGLES

(continued from page 78)

"Well, why in the hell do you run around in rig like that?"

"Is something wrong, sir?"

"Do you have anything against cars?"

"Cost too much to run, sir."

"You think it's cheaper to feed a horse?"

"I just turn it loose in Mr Potter's field."

"Who's Mr Potter?"

"The pub keeper."

"How do you get back and forth to the pub?"

"I live there."

"At the Fox and Hounds?"

"Yes, sir."

"Aren't there rooms at the BOQ?"

"I'm tired of blond furniture, sir."

"Look here, lieutenant, I'm trying to be civil with you. You've got to start making a little sense. What kind of public relations do you think you're cementing with the damn contraption? You're making a laughing stock of the whole base."

"People in the village think it's a grand idea sir."

"They do, eh. Well, I don't. Do you realize what an absurd spectacle you present—an officer of the United States Air Force riding around on a NATO air base in the goddam horse and buggy."

"Sulky, sir."

"SULKY!"

"It's as comfortable as any car I've ever ridden in."

"Well you'd better try another car, lieutenant, comfortable or not. I don't want to see or hear about that rig again. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just tell me one more thing, lieutenant."

"Yes, sir."

"What's the real reason you're running around in that rig?"

"Well sir, it's hard to say... I kind of like the way it tilts back on the straightaway. I guess. And the whole shape of the thing. It's sort of sort of..."

"That will be all, Bates."

The next day Charlie took the morning off and rode to the nearest town, ten miles away. He traded his sulky and twenty five pounds to a car dealer for a black 1936 hearse. It was badly rusted and the glass panel on the driver's side had been shattered but it ran well. He had some trouble driving out of town. The streets were medieval and narrow and at several corners he had to back up to get around.

The car had no license plates. At the main gate the Air Policeman stopped Charlie and asked for identification. He couldn't see through the shattered glass. Charlie couldn't roll down the window because the handle was missing. He sat waiting.

"Roll down your window, mister," the guard growled.

Charlie tried the door, but it wouldn't open from the inside. He slid across the seat and climbed out the other side. When the guard saw his gold bars he hacked away, snapped an embarassed salute and muttered "Sorry, sir."

"A natural mistake," Charlie said. "Have you had that checked at the motor pool, sir?"

"Just bought it," Charlie said. "Think it needs a check up?"

The airman was hesitant. "Might use a little fixing."

"Hmmmmm," Charlie said. "Well we'll see." He climbed back in. As he slammed the door the outside handle fell off. The guard ran around the car, picked it up, handed it through the window. "Curious," Charlie said.

He pulled the hill and drove to the Officer's Club. He slid out of the car just as the Wing Commander was walking across the parking lot. "Good afternoon, sir," Charlie said.

The colonel stopped. His eyes creased up, his nostrils widened as if he had smelled something disagreeable. "What in the hell have you got there, Bates?"

"My new car, sir."

"Why that's... that's... that's a disgrace."

"Sir?"

"That's an insult to me and to the United States Air Force."

"Sir, I'm sorry if..."

"What is it—a hearse?"

"That's right sir—an old hearse."

"How long do you think you can drive around this base in a hearse lieutenant?"

"It runs well enough, sir."

"Why it's not even fit for the road. Can you see out those windows?"

"Most of the time, sir."

"Now see here Bates. That horse and buggy of yours was..."

"Sulky, sir."

"SULKY, DAM IT! That was bad enough but this is madness... and it's dangerous. I don't know what in the hell you think you're up to, but I'm giving you one more chance. You get something substantial that you can drive around this base or I'll have you... Just get that stinkin' hearse off my station. Do you understand, lieutenant?"

"Yes sir," Charlie said as the colonel strode away.

Charlie took the next day off and drove to the outskirts of London where, from a construction company, he bought a second-hand revolving cement-mixer mounted on diesel truck. The huge mixing barrel was encrusted with old cement; the great tires were caked with mud; and the cab was gray, covered with cement dust. But Charlie didn't mind. The cab was eight feet off the ground, and when he first climbed in he felt a surge of power just from gazing around the construction yard. They wouldn't take his hearse on a trade-in, so he abandoned it. It took him six hourse to drive the forty miles back to the base because he'd never driven a diesel rig before.

The next morning he leaned out the window as he passed the main gate and shouted, "It's me." The airman forgot to salute, he just stared as Charlie crept up the hill in low gear. There wasn't enough room in front of his office to park, so he parked the truck in front of the Officer's Club. It covered nine spaces.

Charlie usually ate lunch at the Fox and Hounds. At noon he came back to the club to get his truck and drive into the village. As he was closing the cab door the colonel pulled in next to him in a staff car and leaped out before the motor died.

"What in hell are you doing now, lieutenant?"

"Going out to lunch, sir."

"In a cement mixer?"

"It's my new car, sir."

"Are you out of your mind, Bates?"

"It's really safe this time, sir. Mirrors all around, and you're way up here where you can see everybody. Come on up and see how it looks." Charlie was talking out the cab-window, looking down three feet into the colonel's narrow eyes.

"You come down here, Bates. Get out of that truck. What do you think I'm running here—a sideshow?"

"Sir?"

The colocel was shouting up at Charlie. Other officers, arriving at the club for lunch had parked their cars and were gathering around the mixer.

"Get out of that truck, lieutenant. No officer in my command is going to drive a cement mixer back and forth to work."

"It cost me two hundred dollars, sir."

"I don't care what it cost."

"Runs like a charm especially for a second hand model. Listen to this." Charlie started the engine, then started the mixer revolving. It held no cement. The noise of its parts clanking and grinding together echoed around inside the cavernous barrel. The engine rumbled. Charlie

raced it, and black smoke belched from the exhaust pipe that ran up just the door. The colonel shouted, "Shut that hi sted thing off, Bates!"

"Can't hear you, sir," Charlie yelled down. "I've got the mixer turned on. Can't hear a thing." He grinned. "Makes a racket, doesn't it?"

"Shut it off and get out of that truck!" the colonel screamed. Veins bulged on his scarlet forehead. Charlie raised his shoulders helplessly, pointing to his ears.

A couple of dozen officers were watching now. The colonel turned and yelled something at them, waving his arms and pointing back at the truck. Charlie raced the engine again, sending np another loud column of dark smoke. Some officers started toward the mixer two ran into the club, and two others jumped in cars and sped off somewhere. Charlie rolled np his windows, locked both doors and shifted some gears. A major put his foot on the running board below Charlie's window, and the huge mixer started forward cautiously. The major jumped back yelling over his shoulder something Charlie couldn't hear. As Charlie began to move across the lot he could see the colonel, hatless now, gray hair rumpled, face red and distorted with anger, still shouting. But the thunder of the mixer and the roar of his engine smothered all other sound. The truck rolled ahead slowly as the crowd of officers parted before it.

When Charlie neared the edge of the parking lot a jeep-load of Air Policemen stopped in front of him, armed with rifles. They took cover behind parked cars and a phone booth. Followed by a squad of confused officers the colonel ran across the lot toward the police detachment, shouting. "Blow out his tires, dam it, blow out his tires!" The other officers started shouting, too, and those who hadn't followed the colonel crouched behind cars or ran into the club.

When Charlie didn't stop the AP's began firing the report of their weapons barely sounding over the mixer's din. Some shots were low, some high. Bullets dug into the asphalt, careened off the hollow sides of the barrel shattered window in parked cars and shredded holes in the awning over the club entrance. Finally they punctured Charlie's two front tires and the great mixer leaned forward like a bull elephant kneeling.

The firing didn't stop. They were after the rear tires too, and one bullet pierced the windshield

(continued on page 81)

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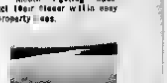

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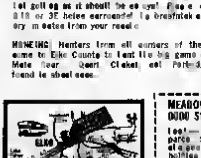

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FOOTBALL SPECTATING ... FOR BETTER, BEDDER SATURDAYS!

Article by Mike Edwards

It's not who wins, but how the game is sinned!

CERTAIN INDOOR SPORTS MAY BE MUCH MORE POPULAR THAN FOOTBALL BUT FOR ANY GIVEN SATURDAY AFTERNOON FROM OCTOBER TILL JANUARY THE PIGSKIN GLADIATORIAL WARFARE ON THE NATION'S CAMPUSES IS AT LEAST A FIRM SECOND PLACE HOLDER FROM ITS INCEPTION A HALF DOZEN DECADES OR SO AGO THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL HAS PACKED STADIUMS MADE HEROES OF HALFWITS AND GENERALLY PAID THE FREIGHT ON THE MORE ESOTERIC ASPECTS OF THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE KNOWN IN NYLAND AS ACADEME.

FOR ALL ITS PURPORTED FAULTS HOWEVER FOOTBALL STILL REMAINS A HELLUVA FINE WAY TO SPORT WITHOUT THE EFFORT OF THE JOCKSTRAP OR THE SWEAT THAT ONLY DIAL SOAP CAN REMOVE WE MAY NOT KEEP QUITE AS FIT AS THE PRESIDENT'S FIFTY-MILE HIKERS BUT WE SURE AS HELL ENJOY OURSELVES A LOT MORE WATCHING THE SATURDAY AFTERNOON COMBAT.

OVER THE YEARS WE HAVE DISCOVERED THAT THE AVERAGE FOOTBALL SPECTATOR MISSES ABOUT HALF THE GAME FROM LACK OF KNOWLEDGE ON HOW TO PREPARE HIMSELF FOR THE BIG AFTERNOON. ARMED WITH LINE-UPS AND THE LATEST BOOK-MAKING ODDS HE VENTURES INTO THE STADIUM PLUNKS HIMSELF DOWN AT THE FIFTY YARD LINE AND ENDS UP FREEZING HOARSE AND ONLY WITH THE FINAL SCORE.

KNOWING WHO WON THE GAME IS AS WE MENTIONED ONLY HALF THE FUN OF AN AFTERNOON HOW THE GAME WAS PLAYED IS ANOTHER FRACTION OF THAT ENJOYMENT BUT THE REAL FUN OF FOOTBALL SPECTATING COMES FROM THE SURE KNOWLEDGE OF HAVING PARTIED WITH THE PLAYERS THE NIGHT BEFORE OR IF NOT THEY THEN CERTAINLY WITH THE SHORT SKIRTED CHEERLEADERS.

WATCHING A FOOTBALL GAME SHOULD BE PLANNED BEFORE THE BIG GAME THE REALLY HIP SPECTATOR LAYS OUT AN ITINERARY FOR SATURDAY AND PART OF FRIDAY NIGHT THAT AT MINIMUM IS A LITTLE MORE DETAILED THAN A WORLD CRUISE THERE ARE SUCH THINGS AS SILVER FLASKS PLAID KETS AND THERMOS BOTTLES TO CONCERN ONESELF WITH AND SUCH FOOTBALL-LORE LADEN PLACES AS THE CAMPUS MALT SHOP (WHICH FOR MODERNS MEANS THE LOCAL BEER PARLOR). THE SELECTION OF SEATING AT THE STADIUM AND JUST WHICH BRAND OF LODEN COAT IS IN THIS SEASON.

TAKING THE SELECTION IN SOMEWHAT REVERSE ORDER TOPPER CAN EASILY SAY

(continued on page 77)

The Historian

(continued from page 88)

Alfred thought a long minute, then smiled slowly.

"There are men better fitted," he said smiling. "I have known some."

"So have I." Blue said. "Let us diminish the beer."

Alfred drew the beer and turned on the television set on the shelf behind the bar. The signal was very eccentric.

"There is a strange thing about me," he was more thoughtful than confidential. "I am always on the side of the revolution."

Blue said comfortingly, "It is the environment."

"Possibly," Alfred said. "After all you have seen our revolution. It is not easy to be always on the side of the revolution."

Blue did not say anything.

"As you mentioned possibly it is the environment. I was never exposed for instance, to a genuine king."

"Some of the kings were very good," Blue said.

"Did you ever observe a king during a revolution?"

"Well," Blue said, "he was not a king, exactly, and it was not exactly a revolution. But he thought it was, and he was very good. Very brave."

"If he thought it truly," Alfred said, "it was as good as being a king. It is all in the mind."

"Not entirely. There are always the machine guns and the burning gasoline. If it were only in the mind."

"If I were acquainted with a king, perhaps I should be against a revolution some time," Alfred said.

"I had better tell you about Mathews," Blue said. "You may not be here tomorrow."

"I will be here," Alfred said. "I have been here a hundred years already."

He looked wryly at Blue, and then the expression faded, out of his face and he was not looking at anything, and then neither of them was looking at anything.

Alfred whispered. "I do not hear the singing any more."

He came around the bar and they went quickly through the door into the hot white heat of the street and still they could not hear the singing. They went across the dusty street and past the shacks and the drying yard with the trestles to the foot of the hill where the stone breakwater curved out into the two-colored blue of the sea. The people of the village were gathering there, across the street respectfully from the soldiers. The sentry was there, and the officer with the very young beard. He was holding a submachine gun and he was swearing at the other two soldiers, who were picking their way cautiously among the big stones as they worked their way out on the breakwater.

The singing had stopped.

The girl still was out on the rocks [illegible] she was lying down. She did not move even when the soldiers came close and at last they stood over her foolishly, for a long moment and the officer on the shore swore hoarsely at them. Finally they put their rifles over their shoulders on the slings and stooped and picked up the girl between them.

The poor mad girl was dead, of course. She had been out there on the rocks beneath the hot sun for four days, and she was quite dead. The soldiers put her down in the dust, sweating heavily and the people of the village looked at her without hate or love or pity or regret. You could not even tell any more whether she had been young, or pretty, you could not imagine how she ought have looked when she laughed or when she cried.

The officer with the very young beard turned and scuffed his boot in the dust and kicked dust into the street where the one eyed game cock wallowed arrogantly. The bird was offended, his hackles rose and his wings drooped and he made a bluffing charge at the officer. For a moment the man with the very young beard watched the charging game cock absently, then suddenly he yelled shatteringly with rage and grief and brought up the machine gun and fired. He fired at the chicken in short savage bursts and kept firing until the clip was empty and there was nothing but dust and feathers in the air and deep pockmarks in the road and no villagers in sight.

Blue and the bartender went silently back to the saloon. They went into the cool darkness and Alfred went behind the bar and rinsed their glasses and drew them full of beer. The television set played erratically.

Presently Alfred said. "Thus it is with problems. If only they understood this there would be no need for revolutions."

Blue did not say anything.

"What do you think?"

"I think it is better if you do not think too much about revolutions in your maturity."

"Possibly." Alfred said. "Anyway I will tell you now about the girl, and the slinging. Her husband was very strong in the revolution when it still was very dangerous."

"And the police caught him."

"Do you know the story after all?"

"I know the beginning and the end," Blue said. "As I may have mentioned, I am a historian. Only the details differ."

"Perhaps not even the details," Alfred said. "The police took him to the basement of their building, but even after several days he would not tell them the things they wished to know about the revolution. So they brought his wife to the basement of the police station. They put her in one room and they put him in another and they permitted her to listen to him scream. Then they brought a plate from the room where he was and showed it to her, and for several moments she did not realize what the poor bloody object upon the plate was."

"But then she did, and fainted, and they threw water on her and finally when she was able she told them what they wanted to know of the revolution."

"I do not know why I bother to tell you."

"It is the detail."

"Yes." Alfred said. He was very grey now. "Well all right. She told them what they wanted to know because they had promised to release her husband and when it was over they brought him in and threw him on the floor and began to laugh and it was quite a while before she realized that they had set the plate before her again and that now there were two of the poor bloody objects on it."

"Yes." Blue said gently. "But there was more."

"It must be a true thing," Alfred said, "that you are a historian. There is a little more. She took her husband home, possibly she carried him, and he said to her, 'You betrayed the revolution, you betrayed all our friends for me.' And she said, 'Yes. For you.' But of course it didn't help. 'I am very proud,' he said. 'But naturally I cannot bear the shame.' And after that he killed himself."

Camerou Blue drank the last of the beer in his glass and let the silence stretch out.

"And now," he said finally, "you would like to know what it was that Edwin Lee Mathews said in the club house after the fifth game of the 1957 World Series at the moment when your television set in Miami failed you?"

He leaned forward and cupped his hand and whispered the words, and in the room suddenly there was a strange eerie light, and a sound of voltage, and the lights dimmed and there was the tinkle of breaking glass and a hissing arc of flame and then nothing. The television set had blown up.

In the darkness Alfred said. "The beer also is finished."

SMATTERING OF EAGLES

(continued from page 78)

Charlie slumped over in his cab. And suddenly, simultaneously, all sound ceased. The mixer and the engine died at the same instant. The colonel shouted, "Hold it! Hold it! Hold it!" His third cry hung alone over the quiet guns. From behind the cars cautious heads peeped into the ghastly silence, gazing at the empty cab. For a moment no one moved.

Then the colonel bolted forward, sprinting for the truck. "Somebody get that man out of there!" Others headed for the truck but the colonel was the first. He sprang to the running board and pulled on the door. It was locked. "Bates!" he shouted. "Bates, you all right?" He could see Charlie sprawled across the seat. Blood showed near his coat collar. Already the colonel could see the headlines:

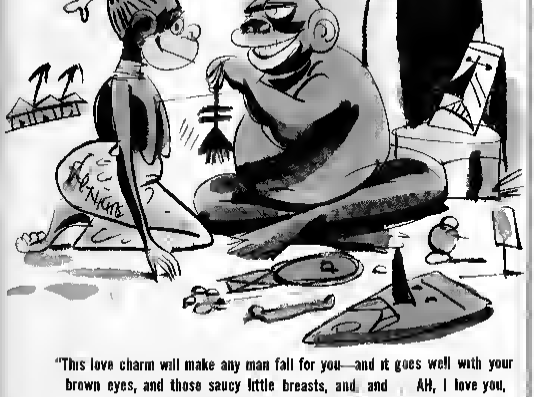
MIXER MURDER
PR Man Shot By Own APs

He shouted over his shoulder, "Help me get this door open. Phone the hospital. Get an ambulance out here."

When he turned back to the cab Charlie was raising himself slowly, holding one hand to his shoulder. With effort he reached the handle, unlocked it, and sank down to rest on his elbow. The colonel threw open the door. "Good heavens, Bates..."

Charlie smiled wanly. "Looks like this isn't nearly as safe as I thought it was, colonel."

Charlie was two days in the hospital and three days convalescing around the village, mostly at the Fox and Hounds. On his first day back on duty it took him only five minutes to get to work. He found he could guide the sulky just as well with one arm in a sling. As he cantered past the main gate the guard saluted crisply, gazing first at Charlie's arm, then at the gaudy Tactical Fighter Wing plaque tacked splendidly to the sulky's side. With a flick of the reins across the horse a flank Charlie returned the salute, and his rig sped smoothly up the hill.



"This love charm will make any man fall for you—and it goes well with your brown eyes, and those saucy little breasts, and, and... AH, I love you, cheri, I love you madly!"

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"Shall I wet my lips?"

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AFTER TOO MANY REVOLUTIONS, THERE COMES A MADNESS WITH ONLY SLIGHTLY VARYING DETAILS.

The sun was already hot and white on the plaster of the buildings and on the stones when Blue came down the hill from the hotel. At the foot of the hill where the breakwater began its long graceful curve out through the lovely blue water, darker on the sea side but still the same blue, the soldier with the young beard saw that he was not carrying the typewriter and was disappointed. In the dust of the street a one-eyed game cock wallowed luxuriantly, and in the shade across the street several people of the village stood respectful of the soldier, and sitting on the rocks far out at the end of the breakwater, the mad girl was singing

The soldier who was guarding the breakwater said gaily to hide his disappointment, "Today you will not write of the revolution."

"No," Cameron Blue said. "I a m a historian. I do not write of revolutions any more. Only of people."

"It is the same thing," the soldier said. "I believe it is the same thing."

"It is possible," Blue said. "At least it is not impossible if you have a certain frame of mind."

"Yes," the soldier said. "I beheve—"

"That is the frame of mind," Blue

(continued on next page)

Historian